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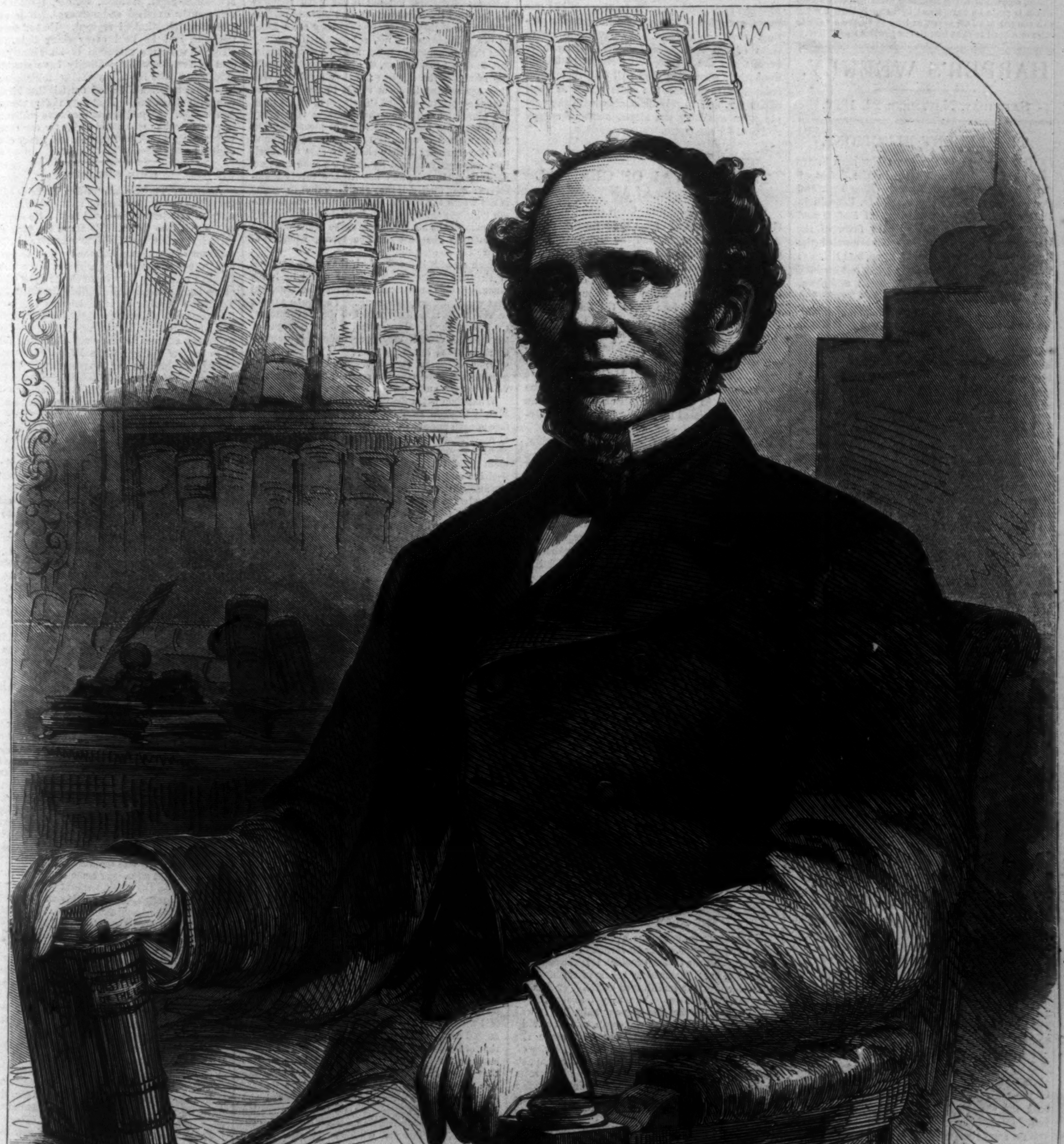


HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR, GOVERNOR-ELECT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—Photographed by Brady.—[See next Page.]

GOVERNOR SEYMOUR.

WE publish on the preceding page a portrait of Hon. HORATIO SEYMOUR, Governor-elect of New York. Governor Seymour is a man of some fifty-five years of age; he once filled the Gubernatorial office before, and discharged its duties with fidelity and success. He has now been elected by a majority of some 15,000 over General Wadsworth. Governor Seymour proclaimed his position in a speech delivered at Brooklyn during the canvass, and we make the following extract:

> "Now, when the men of the South made the bayonet and the sword the arbiter (they elected, and not we); when they determined to settle it by blood (and not we)—the sword, so far as the present is concerned, must be the arbiter; and in our strong right arms it shall strike vigorous and true blows for the life of our country, for its institutions, and for its flag. Now let me say this to the higher law men of the North, and to the higher law men of the South, and to the whole world that looks on witnesses to the mighty events transpiring in this country, that this Union shall never be severed, no, never…… Whatever other men may say, as for the conservative people of this country and as for myself as an individual—let other men say and think what they please—as for the division of this Union, and the breaking up of that great natural alliance which is made by nature and by nature's God, I never will consent to it, no, never, as long as I have a voice to raise or a hand to fight for this our glorious land."

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1862.

THE RECENT ELECTIONS.

THE elections in the great Northern States have resulted uniformly in the defeat of the Administration candidates. New York and Pennsylvania, which supported Mr. Lincoln in 1861 and 1860 with majorities of 50,000 and 100,000, have gone decidedly in favor of the Democracy; the Democrats have carried the Republican States of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; and the dominant Republican party has suffered severe losses in Michigan, Wisconsin, and Iowa. It had previously lost ground in Connecticut and Maine. In the Congress which will assemble for the transaction of business a year hence the Democrats will have a decided majority.

Just two considerations are suggested by these startling evidences of a change in public opinion; first, what caused the change? next, what practical effect will it have on the prosecution of the war?

A number of plausible reasons have been assigned for the sudden increase of the Democratic and decline of the Republican vote throughout the North. Mr. Greeley thinks that the Republicans have gone to the war to fight, while the Democrats have staid at home to vote. But even the *Tribune* will not claim the men who enlisted from this city, as, for instance, Sickles's and Meagher's brigades as Republicans; and it was the large Democratic majority in this city which carried the State for Seymour. Again, every one who has correspondents in the army knows that the rank and file, at least in the army of the Potomac, sympathized with the Democracy, and cherished the ancient Democratic prejudice against the negro to the utmost extent. We are inclined to think that if the army had voted—as did the soldiers of Iowa, Missouri, and other States—the Democratic majority in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, would rather have been increased than diminished. Another set of politicians, who sympathize more or less with the rebels, construe the recent elections as a rebuke to the men whom they call "Abolitionists," and infer that the North is ready to meet the South on the basis of some such compromise as that to which Senator Crittenden, in an unguarded moment, lent his previously-respected name. These politicians are probably equally mistaken with regard to the temper of both sections. The South is unwilling to accept any compromise, and if the successful Democracy attempt to make one, they will fail as ignominiously as they did at Charleston. So far as the Northern Democracy are concerned, they are quite as far from being prepared to admit that the Union is dissolved as the most ardent supporters of the Administration. A member here and there, hailing from this city or the West, and in his heart a partner in the guilt of the rebels, may attempt to assist their schemes; but the great bulk of the Northern Democracy are as loyal to the Union as Mr. Lincoln himself. Whatever they meant by their October and November votes, no one who knows them will believe that they meant to acquiesce in the severance of the Union.

So far as we can judge, the soundest explanation of the recent Democratic victories ascribes them to a general dissatisfaction with the results of the war. In some men this dissatisfaction took the shape of a revolt against the radical influences which have controlled the Administration from time to time. Others were dissatisfied because the President retained Generals M'Clellan and Buell in command. Others, again, and these probably constituted the majority, looked at the subject from no partisan point of view, but merely desired to testify their sense of disgust at the small results which have been achieved by the enormous outlay of men, money, spirit, and energy placed at the service of the Government by the loyal citizens of the United States. No nation in the world—not even France in 1790—ever placed itself, its sons, its means, its liberties, and its life so wholly and unreservedly in the hands of its Government as we did a year ago. The people of the North asked each other—what has Mr. Lincoln done with what we gave him? and voted accordingly.

With regard to the effect of the recent elections we can not see that they are calculated to lead to any important changes. A few traitors elected here and there will try to serve the rebel cause. But they will clearly prove powerless against the overwhelming loyalty of the Northern masses. From necessity the Democratic victors will have to go for a more thorough prosecution of the war. The people of the North—by whatever political designation they are known—are unanimous and resolute against the division of the country. A few Democratic leaders may be so blind as to dream of a compromise, disgracefully ignominious to the North, and practically fatal to the South. But these schemers will soon find themselves disavowed by both sections. In time of war, when the people understand themselves, there is but one party, and that is the party who goes for putting down the enemy. Whatever the intentions of the successful Democrats may have been, when the responsibility comes to be laid upon their shoulders they will find themselves compelled to pursue the same policy as their opponents, and to rely for success with the people upon excelling the Republicans in energy and zeal for the cause.

THE REMOVAL OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

WE record in another column the removal of **GENERAL M'CLELLAN** from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and the appointment of **GENERAL AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE** to the vacant post. The President appears to have determined upon the step in the last week of October; but for reasons which can readily be conceived it was not carried into effect till the 8th inst. A dispatch from General Halleck to the Secretary of War, bearing date October 28, explains the reasons which led the President to act. After the Battle of Antietam General Halleck first urged, then ordered General M'Clellan to move across the Potomac. He did not move for three weeks, and, in General Halleck's opinion, no good excuse existed for his disobedience and delay.

General M'Clellan's friends, who are legion, will urge in his defense that a General in command of an army of 200,000 men, and responsible not only for his own success but for their lives, is the best judge of when and how he should move, and can not be bound to obey the orders of persons at a distance from the scene of action, and without direct personal responsibility in the matter. It will doubtless further be urged that, however slow General M'Clellan may have been during the first three weeks of October, he was moving with remarkable celerity when the order for his removal was handed to him. Many other good arguments may be advanced in vindication of the displaced General, but they are not likely to be much heard of just now. Both the people and the army are too intent upon the great work of suppressing the rebellion to trouble themselves about side issues. After the war there will be time to inquire into and pass judgment upon them, and then, if injustice has been done to M'Clellan, he will probably be elected President.

Meanwhile it is a source of unmixed satisfaction to know that the Army of the Potomac is led by a man like Burnside, a soldier who to the greatest military skill unites dash, energy, and the prestige of success, and a man of the most exalted character and the noblest heart. The country unites in the cry, GOD SPEED BURNSIDE!

THE LOUNGER.

THE FACTS OF THE CASE.

REACTIONS may change events, but they can not alter principles. The Government of the United States and the Union of which it is the supreme authority, are threatened by rebels in arms. That authority must be maintained entirely, or it is altogether overthrown. You may make never so small a hole in the side of your ship, but it will be large enough to admit the ocean, and your ship will inevitably go down. You may make the slightest concession of the threatened authority of the Government, but in making it you relinquish that authority utterly. If the city magistrates and police and militia, after endeavoring for many a day to disperse a riot, should at last say, "Very well, what is it you want?" and allow the rioters to destroy only one building or burn only one poor Irishman, that city is conquered. Is there any security for peace, for life any longer, except in the whim of the mob? It is precisely so with the war. Either the Government must be maintained in every particular of its authority, or it is dishonored entirely. To change it, to allow the rebels to go, to declare that such rebellions always end in compromise, is to renounce the Government altogether, and to proclaim the intention of surrender.

The Constitution of the United States clothes the Government with authority to do what, under any circumstances, it inevitably and instinctively would do; namely, defend its own existence by force. Whatever is necessary to this defense the Government may lawfully do; and it is, of course, itself the judge of the necessity. It may stop mouths and pens; it may seize property and liberate slaves; it may cut off supplies, and by famine and force and fear compel the refractory citizens to obedience.

All this the Government may do. Common-sense apprises us of it, even if it were not carefully provided by the Constitution that in case of rebellion and invasion the writ of *habeas corpus* may be suspended, and that the President, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, shall forcibly compel submission to the law. But the Government is the people. If they disapprove what is done, it will be undone or it will be fruitless. If they are not in earnest, they will not justify earnest war. If they are in earnest, they will not tolerate trifling and delay.

In our own case the truth remains true whatever happens. If for any reason the people shall tire of the war, or the forcible compulsion of rebels to obey the law: if they shall say that they are willing to put down the insurrection if they can do it with half a million of men and five hundred millions of dollars, but not if the work requires six hundred thousand men and a thousand million of dollars: if they shall say that they are willing to use field-pieces but not gun-boats: if they say that they do not object to cutting off a supply train, but do object to touching, or even trying to touch, the source of the supplies: if they shall say that they are willing to shoot rebels in the field, but that they prefer to guard the slaves of rebels upon the plantations: if they shall declare that every body may say and do just what he pleases during the war, short of actually taking up arms against the Government: if they shall say that the rebellion was really caused by the men who are now fighting against it, and not by the rebels themselves: and, finally, if they shall say that the game is not worth the candle, and that they will no longer "imbrue their hands in fratricidal blood," they will compel the authorities to make peace with the rebels upon the best possible terms, whether of separation or compromise.

Such a result is inevitable if the people are tired of the war. That such a peace could be but a truce breaking into worse wars may be true, but that would not help the result. That such a peace would be the total destruction of the Government, the ruin of the popular system, and the betrayal of the hope of civil liberty every where, is unquestionably true; but what then? If the people are willing to betray themselves, to be forever disgraced, and to become the scorn of history, it is in vain that the authorities protest.

What then is the duty of every truly loyal man? Simply to show as plainly as he can that the welfare of each one of us depends upon the unconditional maintenance of the Government; that no civil right is secure for a moment except in this Government; and, therefore, that to maintain it the most decisive and radical measures must be adopted by the authorities and supported by the people. There have always been, there will always be, but two issues out of the war. One is absolute victory: the other is entire submission. If we are truly in earnest as the rebels are, we shall win the victory cost what it may. If we are not in earnest, we shall be conquered and disgraced.

GENERAL MITCHELL.

BY the death of General Mitchell the country loses one of the fiery souls that compel victory. The purity and fervor of his patriotism were of the antique mould. From the first words he spoke at the great Union Square meeting after Sumter, through his gallant and brilliant service at the West to the commencement of his Southern campaign, his life was an act of utter self-renunciation and devotion.

Those who saw him just before he left for the Department of the South were fully aware of his convictions as to the state of the country and the prospects of the cause. He knew, as every body else did, that to send him to Hilton Head, with the handful of men there, was to send him into exile. But he made no complaint. He said that he believed he was a good soldier. "As for Generalship I do not judge," he said; "but I know that the whole duty of a soldier is to obey orders, and I believe that I can do that." He did it. He came from Alabama when he was summoned to Washington in the shortest possible time. He reported for orders. He was told to wait. He waited and waited week after week, and was finally sent to South Carolina, and went.

There were doubtless divided counsels about him at Washington. He was a fighting General; a dashing, ardent, popular leader. He believed that the war must be fought out by every means. He did not believe in waiting, nor in gently tapping the enemy, nor in tampering with treason and traitors; but in sweeping suddenly, and striking stunning blows with overwhelming power. General Mitchell's theory of the war was, that it is a mortal conflict between the spirit of despotism and that of lawful Liberty; that there could be in the nature of things no concession, no compromise; that either the nation would conquer and establish its government permanently as the defense and guarantee of Liberty, or be dismembered and ruined. Born in Kentucky, he knew the section with which we are fighting. By disposition conservative, he doubted whether the people were ready to rely upon the principle indicated by Mr. Lincoln's election, and therefore apprehended with misgiving the possible result of the war which that election was sure to provoke. But when the war came he sprang to the field with the battle-cry of America and Liberty upon his lips, and they had no other language until they were cold forever.

He had bitter enemies—but they were not among the soldiers he commanded. It was said that he covered a great deal of territory in the southwest, and that if such work made a commander he was a good one. It was sneered that his exploits resounded in the newspapers, but were of no actual importance or military significance. It was coldly said that he was a better orator than soldier. But if any General in this war has done what he was sent to do, it is General Mitchell. His western services, within his means, do not suffer by comparison with those of any other officer who has served in that department. His inauguration of the Southern campaign was but partly successful at Pocotaligo; but not from want of skill in devising or bravery in the men. The battle was a victory as far as it went. The enemy were successively driven from the three positions they chose. Then our force withdrew, not being adequate to pushing further. But the partial successes of Generals who had every means have been hitherto, in the war, hailed by us, and reported by them, as victories.

Like all men who feel profoundly, and who occupy conspicuous positions in a civil war, General Mitchell will receive no unqualified censure or praise. There is not a man of military eminence in this war, unless it be, at the present moment, General Burnside, who is not, and who will not be, the object of intense party-feeling. Frémont, M'Clellan, Sigel, Halleck, Hunter, Buell are all vehemently extolled and censured. It is not a fate at which Mitchell repined. He had counted the cost, and he held every thing light when weighed with the salvation of his country. A soul of fire, he would willingly have sought by speech to kindle his fellow-citizens to the glow of his own conviction if he had not felt that his duty was with the sword. That duty is done now, and done nobly. May God rest the brave soldier, and inspire us all to speak and strike for our country with the same purity of purpose and fervor of conviction!

SOME NEW BOOKS.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S "Orley Farm" is admitted to be the best, as it is the most elaborate, of his novels. He leaves his usual beat. He steps out of Church into Court. He turns his back upon cathedral closes, and the little quarrels and match-makings of clergymen and their wives, and paints a picture of crime and its course at law which an English authority says is much the finest picture of the legal profession in English Literature. Mr. Trollope's peculiar style, which has Thackeray's intimacy with his reader without his racy elegance, and which is often flippant rather than easy, is remarkably adapted to the story of familiar life he is so fond of telling; while Millais's illustrations are equally modern and characteristic. There is a cheerful, chirping, John Bullish good sense in all that Trollope writes—a comfortable and not disagreeable depth of insight and observation—which account for his great current popularity. The friends of "Doctor Thorne" and "Framley Parsonage" will find the same charm in "Orley Farm."

The Memoirs of Dr. Nicholas Murray, by S. Irenæus Prime, are a brief account of the incidents in the life of a "self-made" man, as a certain class of strong-willed, self-relying people are called. Dr. Murray was a poor Irish boy who came to this country, and who, after a little while, if this paper had then been published, would have helped set the type, for he was a workman in this office; who was converted from the Romish to the Protestant Church, became a noted clergyman, and at last made his name widely known by a series of controversial letters to Bishop Hughes, under the signature of "Kirwan." These letters are most trenchant popular theological weapons. They had a great sale, and were doubtless of great service to the cause they advocated. Dr. Murray was evidently a hearty, vigorous man—of a generous nature, and a clear, positive mind. Mr. Prime's Memoir judiciously leaves "Kirwan" to tell his own story as far as practicable.

Mrs. Oliphant's Memoir of Edward Irving is the story of a very different life and work from those of Kirwan. He, too, was a clergyman, but it could hardly be said that his mind was clear. He was a noble man, and his life, in a certain way, was most romantic. No one who is at all interested in the religious history or romance of our times but will read it with the greatest interest. To many, also, the words of Thomas Carlyle, in speaking of Irving, will awaken the strongest wish to know exactly what he was. "But for Irving," says Carlyle, "I had never known what the communion of man with man means. His was the freest, brotherliest, bravest human soul mine ever came in contact with. I call him, upon the whole, the best man I have ever, after trial enough, found in this world or hope to find."

A novel, "Abel Drake's Wife," by John Saunders, is a story of a great deal of interest and power. General attention is so riveted by the great novelists that some word is essential to introduce the new aspirants. In this story there seems to us to be more real power than in such a tale as Bulwer's "Strange Story." Indeed, much of the finest talent in our literature is found in the less known novels—books like "The Collegians" or "A Lost Love."

Besides these works, there are the "Thirteen Months in the Rebel Army," an admirable interior view of the rebellion; and Mr. Beecher's "Eyes and Ears," a volume of delightful characteristic essays upon all kinds of subjects; and Mr. Marsh's "Origin and History of the English Language," a work of noble scholarship and great value.

If the war reduces the number of new books it does not injure their quality.

HOLDING UP THE HANDS.

THERE is a remarkable fact in our current history. The President is praised on all sides, yet nobody is satisfied with the conduct of the war. The "Radicals" cry, God bless him! The "Conservatives" talk of holding up his hands. Now somebody does not mean what he says. "If we all mean to stand by the President what are we quarreling about? If we all mean to stand by the

President provided he will do exactly what we wish him to do—we mean only that we would stand by Jeff Davis upon the same terms.

What the President means he has said.

"Oh yes," says the Conservative; "but he has been latterly under Radical pressure. Let him return to his former position."

"Thank you for nothing!" retorts the Radical; "he was formerly under the border State pressure. Let him hold fast to a vigorous policy."

"I go for a constitutional prosecution of the war!" shouts the Conservative.

"Exactly my position," replies the Radical.

"But *my* interpretation of the Constitution is the right one," says the Conservative.

"Not at all. *Mine* is the right one," answers the Radical. "I am for the Union at every cost."

"You are a disorganizer," sneers the Conservative.

"Can't see it," smiles the Radical.

"You're a—"

"You're another."

Meanwhile the President has declared his policy. It is to maintain the Government and the Union at all hazards. And what do the people ask of him and signify to him? Merely that they wish to see constant proofs of activity and earnestness in carrying out that policy. They believe that they can suppress this insurrection, and that they can do it speedily. They will not quarrel with any measure of vigor or of rigor, whatever the politicians may say or do. Disgust at hesitation, languor, and delay—discontent with the slow course of military justice—fatigue with the pressure of a war which sometimes seems waged against their own patience as much as against the power of the enemy, will often extort from them the sharpest censure. Generals, Cabinets, parties, are nothing. The country is all. The former may and must be changed as events decree. The latter must and shall be saved, whatever tries to resist.

To sustain the President, then, is to support his policy. If you like his policy you mean what you say in supporting him in its most earnest prosecution. If you dislike it, you are forsworn in declaring that you sustain him. He is the judge of his constitutional power and duty. If he mistakes and abuses his power he can be impeached. But it is to be remarked that he is not sustained by those who threaten him that if he does not follow the advice of men who have always opposed him, his principles, and his measures, the war shall be stopped by any and every means. That is not support—it is attempted coercion.

Meanwhile, again, the President is a man of convictions. He has certain profound persuasions and a very clear purpose. He knows what the war sprang from, and upon what ground a permanent peace can be reared. He is cautious, cool, judicial. But he knows that great revolutions do not go backward; while he is aware that when certain great steps in their prosecution are once taken there will be loud outcries and apprehension. But the ninth wave touches the point to which the whole sea will presently rise, although the next wave and the next should seem to show falling water.

PORTRAIT OF A REBEL BY AN OLD MASTER.

ADDISON, in the twelfth number of his *Freeholder*, a paper which he published in 1715–16, during the attempt of the Pretender upon the throne of England, has one passage which might have been written among us to-day. Every word of it applies to the causeless rebellion waged upon our Government—a rebellion which airy jesters excuse with a joke, and complacent demagogues palliate with falsehood.

"We may likewise consider rebellion as a greater complication of wickedness than any other crime we can commit. [Addison in the same paper justifies revolution by the very argument used by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence.] It is big with rapine, sacrilege, and murder. It is dreadful in its mildest effects, as it impoverishes the public; ruins particular families; begets and perpetuates hatred among fellow-subjects, friends, and relations; makes a country the seat of war and desolation, and exposes it to the attempts of its foreign enemies. In short, as it is impossible for it to take effect, or to make the smallest progress but through a continued course of violence and bloodshed, a robber or a murderer looks like an innocent man when we compare him with a rebel."

A LITTLE SENSE.

IF a pirate were sailing in a dark night along a dangerous channel, and you wanted him to run on the rocks and be wrecked, you would not carry out torches and show the rocks, and hallo, "Look out, here's a bouncer! Don't run into it!" would you? If he escaped, and landed and ravaged and ruined the country, you couldn't say, "I didn't help him," could you?

These are the questions that must inevitably occur to every man who sees the frankness with which information, that should be most secret, is printed in the papers. Within a week we have had a careful statement of the condition and prospects, and probable time of readiness, of our new iron-clad ships; and an announcement of the intended sailing of transports with troops into the very course of the *Alabama;* and details of intended movements of the army in Virginia; and of the projects of General Banks. And we have always done this, knowing that every paper is read in Richmond within four days.

Of course we are told that it is not the papers which carry the news. Yes; and it may be the chart in his pocket that carries the pirate through. But your torch helps wonderfully, my good friend. And we are told that, if the Government allows it, it's all right. Yes; but your paper in the same issue accuses the Government of stupidity. And we are told that if Tom and Dick don't print it Harry will. Yes; but because Tom and Dick are foolish, or indifferent, or worse, are *you so?* It may be that the ship is so leaky that she must sink. But shall we, therefore, not try to stop the leak?

It is the duty of every loyal editor to take care that nothing in his paper shall in any way give information to the enemy, whether other papers do or not, and whether the Government cares about it or not. Can not Patriotism do what Despotism certainly would? Let the rebels find out if they can. Don't let us assume that they will, and therefore tell every thing we know.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

FULL STOP.—The organ in Dr. S——'s church did not play last Sunday, because, we learn, of its having a new stop put to it. It was added, we believe, by the deputy-sheriff.

A single glass of liquor too much may separate lovers more widely than the ocean ever did.

He must be a person of very insignificant standing who is always standing upon his dignity.

ARABIAN DAIRY.—The Arabs have an excellent portable dairy, which preserves their milk a number of days in a very hot climate. It is called a dromedary.

The man who, in talking to a lady, lays his hand upon her shoulder may be thought too touching in his remarks.

A farmer likes cold weather at the proper season, but an early frost in autumn goes against his grain.

Why is the letter *l*, in the word military, like the nose?—Because it stands between *two* "*i's*."

Is there any perceptible improvement in a caterpillar when he turns over a new leaf?

Philosophers tell us that Nature never errs. They certainly can not mean human nature.

WIDOWS.—A fellow hits off the following definition of widow: "One who knows what's what, and is desirous of further information on the subject."

AN OLD WRINKLE.—Who is the most industrious of all plowmen?—Time, for he turns the most furrows.

May our blonde beauties be looked on as forming a portion of the pale of society?

The old lady who believes every calamity that happens to herself a trial, and every one that happens to her friends a judgment, is not yet dead.

Can a man who has been fined by the magistrates again and again be considered a refined man?

THE MYSTERIES OF TANNING.—"Father," said a hopeful urchin to his paternal relative, "why don't our schoolmaster send the editor of the newspaper an account of the tannings he gives the boys?" "I don't know," said the fond parent; "but why do you ask such a question?" "Why, that paper says that Mr. Brown has tanned three thousand hides at his establishment during the past year, and I know that old Furney has tanned our hides more'n twice as many times—the editor ought to know it."

RATHER!—The gentleman who did not trust to his memory wrote in his pocket-book, "I must be married when I get to town." The possibility is that he recollected whether he was married or not afterward.

A SAVORY REMARK.—Some one defines ham as the poetry of bacon.

HOW TO MAKE MEN BRAVE.—Sir Thomas Fitzgerald, famous for flogging, had raised a regiment of pardoned peasantry in the sister kingdom, which he called the "Ancient Irish." He and his corps were sent on foreign service. On his return he boasted frequently of their bravery, and that no other troops were so forward to face the enemy. "No wonder," said Ned Lysaght; "thanks to your flogging, they were ashamed to show their backs."

"Papa, can't I go to the zoological to see the camomile fight the ry-no-sir-ee-hoss?" "Sartin my son, but don't get your trowsers torn. Strange, my dear, what a taste that boy has for nat'ral history! No longer ago than yesterday he had eight tom cats hanging by their tails to the clothes-line."

At a court-martial lately the following dialogue is said to have taken place between one of the witnesses and the court: "Are you a Catholic?" "No, Sir." "Are you a Protestant?" "No, Sir." "What are you then?" "Captain of the foretop."

A TRUE EPITAPH.—Here is a sharp and spicy epitaph on an old cardinal, reminding us of Shakspeare: "The evil that men do," etc.:

Here lies a cardinal, who wrought
Both good and evil in this time;
The good he did was good for naught;
Not so the evil!—that was prime.

Which of the feathered tribe would be supposed to lift the heaviest weight?—The crane.

A provincial contemporary says there are hundreds of people who become religious when danger is near, and adds: "We know of a man who fell from a bridge across a certain river, and just as he found he must go, and no help for it, he bawled out at the top of his voice, 'Lord have mercy on me—and be quick too!'"

The Chinese have no word which will compare with our English word, "Amen;" they say, instead, "Sin yenen ching sing"—"The heart wishes exactly so."

Why is a patch of corn like a dunce?—Because it's always liable to get its ears pulled.

LIFE IN DEATH.—Tom Hood speaks of a bird building its nest upon a ledge over the door of a doctor's office, as an attempt to rear its young in the very jaws of death.

The men who deserve, if they do not find, the greatest favor among women, are husband-men.

A contemporary boasts that he "can stand on his intellectual capital." We suppose he means that he can stand on his head.

A CLEAR TITLE.—A New Zealand chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten the former owner.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

REMOVAL OF GENERAL M'CLELLAN.

AN official order releasing General M'Clellan from the command of the army was received at head-quarters on 8th, and was presented by Assistant Adjutant-General Buckingham in person. General M'Clellan immediately issued an address to his army, transferring the command to General Burnside, and taking a kind farewell of the men who had fought and suffered with him so gallantly through his long and arduous campaigns. General M'Clellan is ordered to report at Trenton, New Jersey.

THE REASON WHY.

A letter from General Halleck, dated October 28, has been published, giving the reasons for M'Clellan's removal. He states:

Third—Soon after the battle of Antietam General M'Clellan was urged to give me information of his intended movements, in order that, if he moved between the enemy and Washington, reinforcements could be sent from this place. On the 1st of October, finding that he purposed to operate from Harper's Ferry, I urged him to cross the river at once and give battle to the enemy, pointing out to him the disadvantages of delaying till the autumn rains had swollen the Potomac and impaired the roads. On the 6th of October he was peremptorily ordered to "cross the Potomac and give battle to the enemy, or drive him south. Your army must move now while the roads are good." It will be observed that three weeks have elapsed since this order was given.

Fourth—In my opinion there has been no such want of supplies in the army under General M'Clellan as to prevent his compliance with the orders to advance against the enemy. Had he moved to the south side of the Potomac he could have received his supplies almost as readily as by remaining inactive on the north.

He goes on to show that all General M'Clellan's requisitions have been complied with.

BURNSIDE TAKES COMMAND.

The following order was issued by General Burnside on taking command of the army:

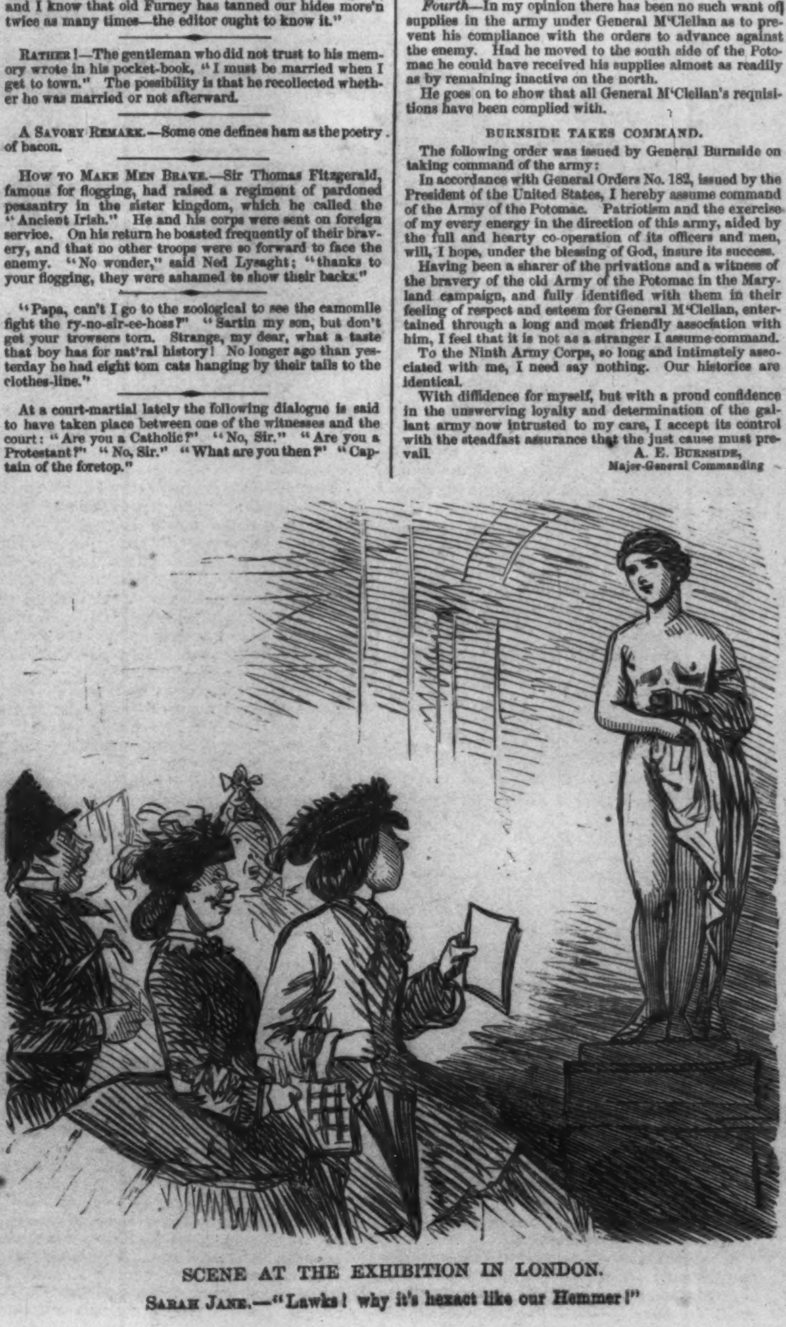
In accordance with General Orders No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. Patriotism and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, insure its success.

Having been a sharer of the privations and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified with them in their feeling of respect and esteem for General M'Clellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger I assume command.

To the Ninth Army Corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing. Our histories are identical.

With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now intrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General Commanding



SCENE AT THE EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

SARAH JANE.—"Lawks! why it's hexact like our Hemmer!"

M'CLELLAN'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
CAMP NEAR RECTORTOWN, VIRGINIA, *Nov.* 7, 1862.

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

An order of the President devolves upon Major-General Burnside the command of this army.

In parting from you I can not express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command will proudly live in our nation's history. The glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled—the strongest associations which can exist among men—unite us still by an indissoluble tie. We shall ever be comrades in supporting the Constitution of our country and the nationality of its people.

GEO. B. M'CLELLAN,
Major-General United States Army.

STAND BY BURNSIDE.

Major-General M'Clellan and personal staff left Warrenton at eleven o'clock on 11th. On reaching Warrenton Junction a salute was fired. The troops, which had been drawn up in line, afterward broke ranks, when the soldiers crowded around him, and many eagerly called for a few parting words. He said, in response, while on the platform of the railroad dépôt, "*I wish you to stand by Burnside as you have stood by me, and all will be well. Good-by.*"

To this there was a spontaneous and enthusiastic response.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

All the dispatches from Virginia agree in the statement that the main rebel army had eluded General M'Clellan, at least so far as to avoid a battle in the Shenandoah Valley. Head-quarters of the army were established at Warrenton on 7th, which place was taken possession of by our advance on the day previous. The rebel General A. P. Hill's command was at Warrenton on 5th, his command and Stuart's Cavalry forming the rear-guard of Lee's force. Dispatches from Warrenton, on 9th, bring the important information that General Pleasanton had a skirmish on 8th, near Little Washington, with Stuart's Cavalry, in which he captured three pieces of artillery, and that General Bayard, on the same day, occupied and now holds the railroad bridge across the Rappahanock—the structure being unimpaired. The bridge across Broad Run had been destroyed by the rebels, but as that is further back, in the vicinity of Manassas Junction, and in a section of country now completely within our control, it can be put in good condition again in a very short space of time.

It is said that Stonewall Jackson's whole column is at Front Royal, with the exception of about 2000 men and six guns still remaining in the Shenandoah valley.

The rebels, with a large force of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, made an attack, on the 10th, upon General Pleasanton at Amosville. Reinforcements from General Wilcox's command were at once pushed forward to support Pleasanton, who had no infantry and was compelled to fall back, and having joined him, drove the rebels back. General Fenno at the same time advanced upon the town of Jefferson and occupied it.

HOOKER IN THE FIELD.

General Hooker takes command of General Fitz John Porter's corps, the latter officer being ordered to Washington to answer charges preferred against him by General Pope.

ABSENT OFFICERS TO JOIN THE ARMY.

Major-General Halleck has issued an order that all officers, of whatever grade, belonging to the Army of the Potomac, shall proceed to join their respective commands within twenty-four hours. The penalty for disobedience of this order will be dismissal from service.

ROSECRANS AT NASHVILLE.

General Rosecrans and staff arrived at Nashville on 10th, having left Bowling Green at six that morning on train to Mitchellville, making the remainder of the trip, forty miles, on horseback, without interruption by guerrillas. The forests are blazing along the greater portion of the route, and many dwellings have been destroyed. The country looks painfully desolate, inhabitants, forage, and stock being nearly all gone.

THE HARPER'S FERRY SURRENDER.

The investigation of the Harper's Ferry surrender has been brought to a close, and a general order has been issued upon it. The result is the dismissal from the United States service by the President of Colonel Thomas Ford, of Ohio, who abandoned the batteries on Maryland Heights, and of Major Baird, of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers. The conduct of General Julius White receives the approbation of the Commission.

THE REBEL ARMY.

Our news from Richmond is dated up to the 8th inst. General Lee had arrived there two weeks ago, and is said to be still there, acting as Commander-in-Chief and military adviser to the War Department. The active command of the enemy's forces in the field has devolved upon General Joe Johnston, who has his head-quarters at Culpepper. The *Merrimac* No. 2 is completed, and now lies below Fort Darling ready for mischief at the mouth of the James River.

ANOTHER SECRET EXPEDITION.

An expedition composed of 12,000 men and several gunboats left Newbern, North Carolina, by land and water, on the 28th ult., under command of General Foster. Where it has gone to has not yet been made known.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

MR. GLADSTONE EXPLAINS.

THE following letter, signed by Mr. Gladstone's secretary, has been published:

He (Mr. Gladstone) holds himself fully responsible for having declared his opinion at Leith nine months ago, to the effect that if the Southern States of America were in earnest the struggle on the part of the Northern States was hopeless, and again at Newcastle, last week, to the effect that the confederation which has been formed under Mr. Jefferson Davis has shown itself to be sufficiently supplied with the elements which make a nation, and with the will and power to defend its independent existence. He can not, however, be responsible for the inferences which, from your letter, you appear to have drawn from his statements—the more so, as they might, he thinks, have been checked by attention to other portions of his declarations concerning America on the same occasion, in which he referred to steps that might, under conceivable circumstances, be taken by the Powers of Europe. And generally, he desires me to remark that to form opinions upon questions of policy, to announce them to the world, and to take or be a party to taking any of the steps necessary for giving them effect, are matters which, though connected together, are in themselves distinct, and which may be separated by intervals of time longer or shorter, according to the particular circumstances of the case.

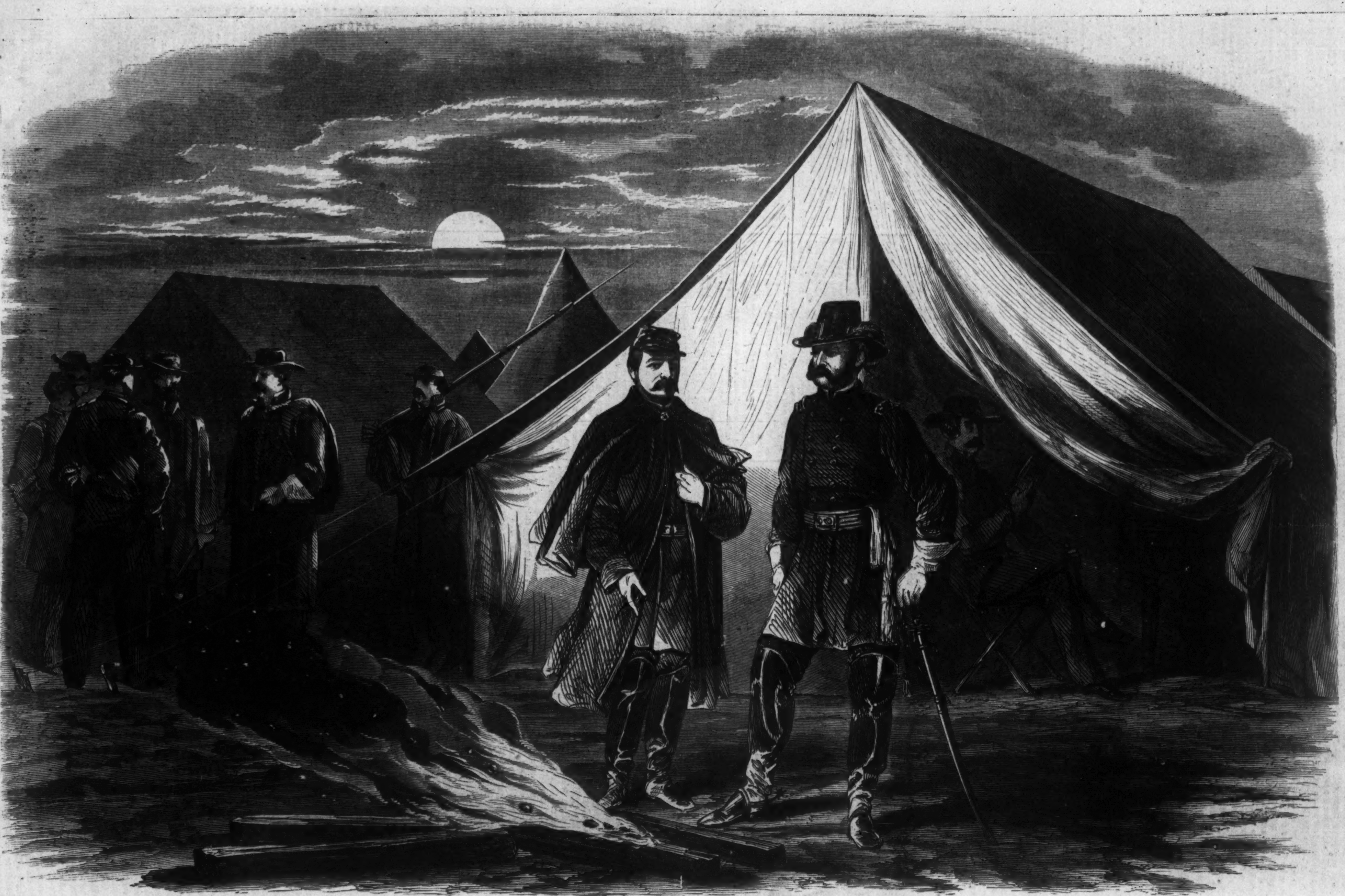
MORE REBEL VESSELS BUILDING.

A London correspondent of the Boston *Commercial Bulletin* writes: "It is well you are just completing a fleet of 'Monitors.' You are likely to need them before long. Workmen are engaged night and day on the Mersey, on the Clyde, and elsewhere, in building some 20 iron-clads, which are to see service in American waters. They are intended to convoy vessels into Southern ports. This I know to be a fact. My information is direct from those in confidence with the promoters."

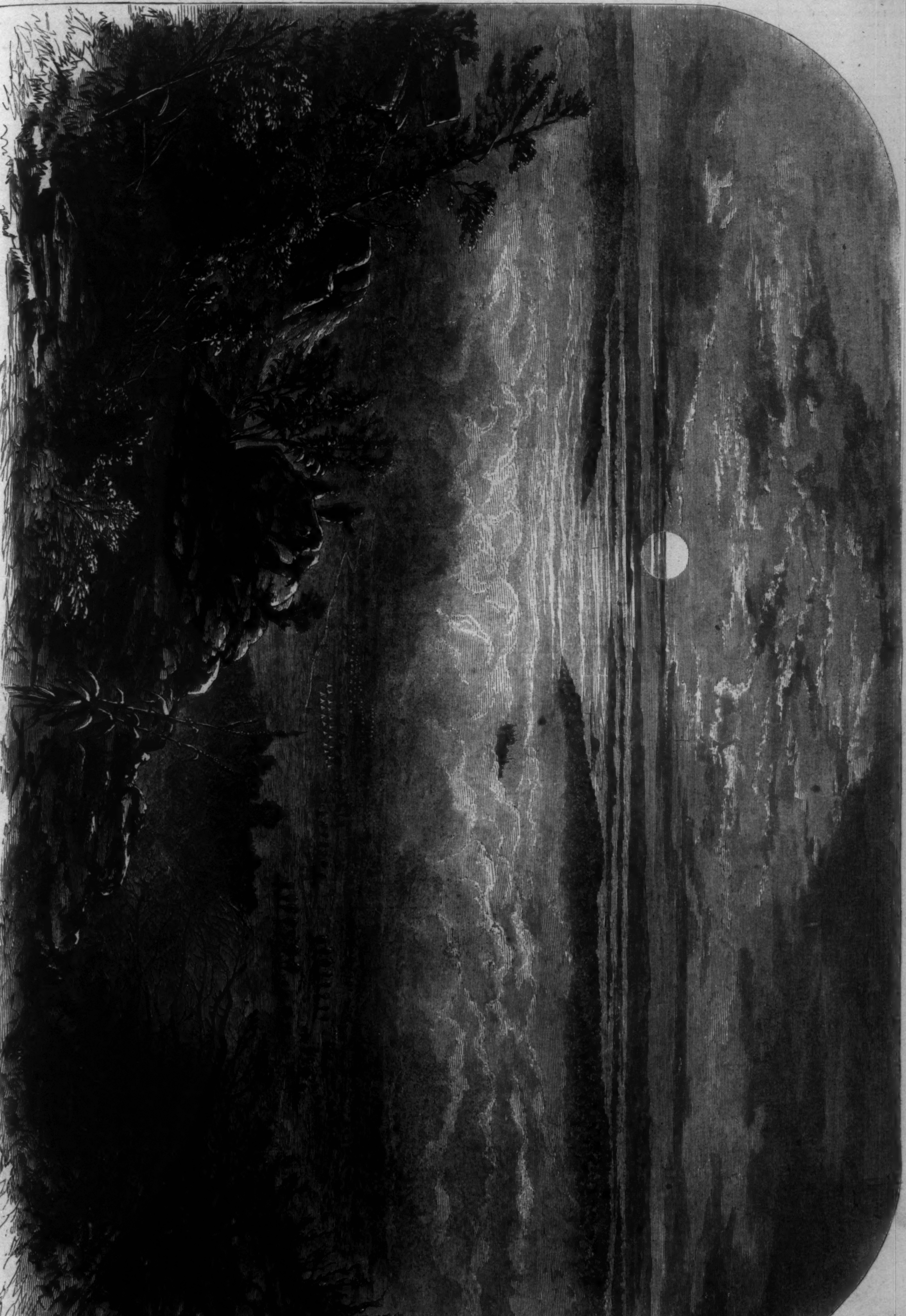
GREECE.

ABDICATION OF THE KING.

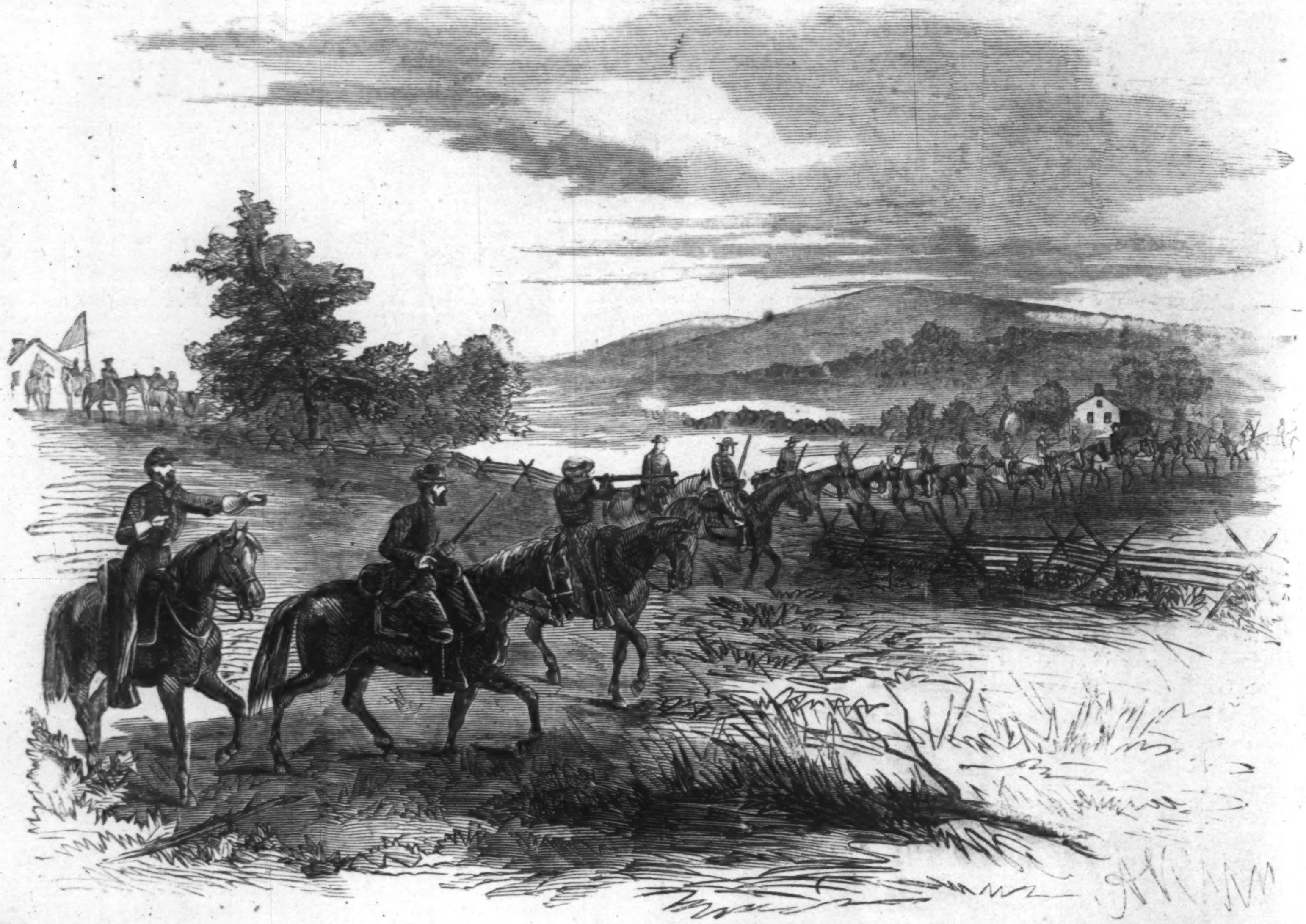
King Otho, of Greece, abdicated his throne on the 25th of October in favor of his brother. This step was forced on his Majesty by a revolution, which commenced in Western Greece and spread rapidly, the revolutionists organizing a provisional government in Patras, of which the statesman Mavrocordata is President.



GENERAL M'CLELLAN SURRENDERING THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC TO GENERAL BURNSIDE.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 743.]



VIEW FROM MARYLAND HEIGHTS AT SUNRISE.—[Sketched by Mr. A. R. Waud.]



THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—GENERAL PLEASANTON'S CAVALRY DEPLOYED AS SKIRMISHERS.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

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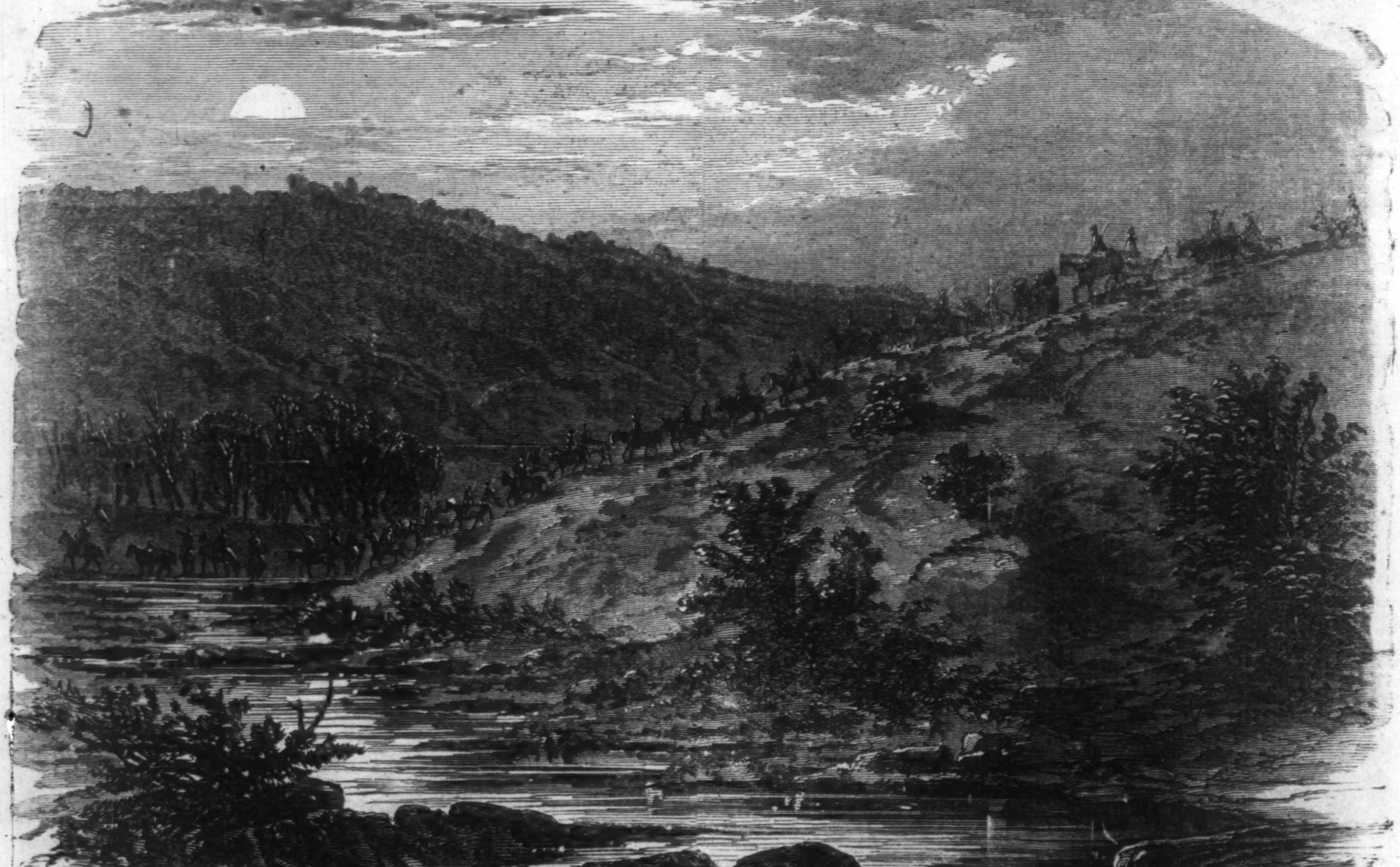


THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCOUTING IN LOUDON VALLEY.—[SKETCHED BY MR. A. R. WAUD.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

Mr. A. R. Waud sends us two sketches of the Advance of the Army of the Potomac into Virginia, which we reproduce on pages 740 and 741.

THE REMOVAL OF M‘CLELLAN.

On 10th, after the receipt of the order removing Gen. M‘Clellan, the General and his Staff, accompanied by General Burnside, bade farewell to the army, visiting in succession several army corps. As the General rode through the ranks, the torn and tattered banners of the veteran regiments were dipped to greet him, while the thousands of soldiers gave vent in continuous rounds of cheers and applause to their feelings.

At nine o'clock last evening all the officers belonging to head-quarters assembled at the General's tent to bid him farewell. The only toast given was by General M‘Clellan:

"The Army of the Potomac!"

SKIRMISH IN THE VALLEY.

At daybreak on the 30th the cavalry, scouting up the valley, succeeded in capturing several of the enemy's men. It was foggy, and the advance of our men was undiscovered till they were right on the rebels, who skedaddled with a loss of six or seven men.

THE GALLOWS.

On Monday, October 20, Catharine Wilson met a doom as righteous as human law ever inflicted on a criminal whose deeds quite equal the atrocities of any malefactor on record. From the age of fourteen to that of forty-three her career was one of undeviating yet complex vice. It sometimes happens that great crimes are exhaustive and exclusive in their character, and that breaches of the seventh commandment are not compatible with sins against the sixth and eighth. Not so with Catharine Wilson. She was as foul in life as bloody in hand, and she seems not to have spared the poison draught even to the partners of her adultery and sensuality. Hers was an undeviating career of the foulest personal vices and the most cold-blooded and systematic murders, as well as deliberate and treacherous robberies. We speak without hesitation of her crimes as plural, because, adopting the language of Mr. Justice Byles with reference to the death of Mrs. Soames, we not only "never heard of a case in which it was more clearly proved that murder had been committed, and where the excruciating pain and agony of the victim were watched with so much deliberation by the murderer," but also because the same high judicial authority, having access to the depositions in another case, pronounced, in words of unexampled gravity and significance, "that he had no more doubt but that Mrs. Atkinson was also murdered by Catharine Wilson than if he had seen the crime committed with his own eyes." Nor did these two murders comprise the catalogue of her crimes. That she, who poisoned her paramour Mawer, again poisoned a second lover, one Dixon, robbed and poisoned Mrs. Jackson, attempted the life of a third paramour named Taylor, and administered sulphuric acid to a woman in whose house she was a lodger, only in the present year—of all this there seems to be no reasonable doubt, though these several cases have received no regular criminal inquiry. Seven murders known, if not judicially proved, do not after all, perhaps, complete Catharine Wilson's evil career. And if any thing were wanted to add to the magnitude of these crimes it would be found, not only in the artful and devilish facility with which she slid herself into the confidence of the widow and the unprotected—not only in the slow, gradual way in which she first sucked out the substance of her victims before she administered, with fiendish coolness, the successive cups of death under the sacred character of friend and nurse—but in the atrocious malignity by which she sought to destroy the character and reputation of the poor creatures, and to fix the ignominy of suicide on the objects of her own robbery and murder.

To do public opinion only simple justice, even the fanatics of the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment scarcely raised a whisper or a murmur against this great criminal's execution. It was felt to be too ridiculous to urge any immunity from the gallows on the score of the criminal's sex. What has sex to do with the matter, except that in this particular case a man could not have committed the murders? It was only a woman, with a woman's arts, a woman's insinuating craft, a woman's admittance to sick rooms, and to the sacred confidences of her sisters, a woman's womanliness, that could have perpetrated this string of crimes. The unhappy precedent which was said to have been established in the case of Celestina Somner was, with general assent, on this occasion, reversed; and the Old Bailey, which for some fourteen years has not seen a woman hung (for Mrs. Manning was executed at Horsemonger Lane), once more witnessed a female execution. As to Catharine Wilson, she died as she lived. A canting letter, full of the usual perversions of Scripture language, has been published in her name, and it is a fair imitation of the morbid literature of the condemned cell; but while deficient in external proofs of genuineness, there is the strongest internal evidence against its authenticity. No other sign of feeling on her part is forthcoming. Bold, defiant, insolent, and hardened, she left the world with a lie in her mouth, and the load of a life of guilt which, according to all moral laws, had long since extinguished her conscience. Very properly, as it seems to us, she was not manipulated by the dextrous spiritual legerdemain of the charitable gentleman, Mr. Wright, "the prison-philanthropist," who has a mission to condemned convicts. The present Ordinary of Newgate seems to be a sensible person, and we have been spared the fictitious euthanasia and ecstatic experiences of a wholesale poisoner's morbid and unnatural penitence. She was not a penitent, she made no confession, and it was not to be expected that she should confess or profess the least sorrow for her crimes. The only thing recorded of her condemned cell is that, with a coarse and mendacious stupidity, she affected not to understand her sentence; and, without a friend or visitor, deserted alike by God and man, she died a felon's death, without even the sympathies of an Old Bailey mob.

In one quarter alone has an attempt been made to revive the vulgar platitudes against capital punishment. The newspapers generally described the scene of Monday morning, not always without the usual talk which is talked by penny-a-liners, but with a commendable sense of propriety. The *Times*, as in such matters it generally does, took the lead, in a report which was characterized by good sense and right feeling; and the regulation report, communicated generally to the other papers, only sinned in the grandiloquence of its style and the impenetrable obscurity and recondite difficulty of its allusions. Fine writing, however, is a venial sin when measured against indecent misrepresentation of facts and a studied insult to common sense. We can pardon the writer, paid by the number of his sentences and the minuteness of his report, who talked of female executions as resembling angels' visits, because they were few and far between, in consideration of the information—new, we own, to ourselves—that it was formerly the custom, not only to preach condemned sermons, but to place a halter in the felon's pew and a coffin in the aisle of Newgate Chapel, during the service of the Sunday preceding a hanging day. Nor are we much disposed to quarrel with the same ingenious scribe's vivid description of the crowd before the gallows, in which we are informed that "the few respectable people present were as waifs and spars on the strong tide that rolled and surged against the prison walls, the mere *flotsam* and *jetsam* of that vast sea of scoundrelism." Indeed, we rather admire his discrimination which identified all the boys present with those "miniature masses of rags, dirt, vice, and ignorant cunning, who, to the disgrace of our police, imperil their own poor lives by turning heels over head for the delectation of boobies who fling them half-pence from the tops of omnibuses;" and we appreciate that very fine sentence which describes the "roar of the crowd, and the shrill laughs and snatches of song which broke now and then on the hoarse diapason of blasphemous ribaldry." This is mere fine talk, written with an eye to the inch measure of the sub-editor. Nor are we much moved to criticise another fine writer's description of the war of the elements, which, throughout the night before the execution, seemed to be in horrid harmony with the approaching tragedy. The entrance of the gallows—of course "the fatal machine"—is rendered, as art-critics say, with a considerable subtlety, as, in the darkness and grimness of three o'clock on a stormy morning, the "hideous apparatus of death, well fitted to strike terror into the most savage heart, is brought out with a horrid rumbling sound." We accompany, with a dim sense of some sort of meaning, the same famous hand, when he describes "the death-bell and its low solemn cadences stealing over the crowd and the criminal herself;" and just as Macaulay describes the beacon-lights streaming from Eddystone to John of Groat's, so with tolerable patience we endure to be informed how "from Southwark and Lambeth thousands came trooping over Blackfriars Bridge, while Bermondsey sent its multitudes over London Bridge, and Saffron Hill and the Seven Dials sent their eager reinforcements, till, joining the stream from Whitechapel, an impetuous and seemingly endless torrent, through Barbican and Smithfield, was absorbed in the great lake by which the gallows was encircled." But when we come to the closer touches of the tragic artist we own that we are lost. Mrs. Wilson, we are told, was dressed "in a light morning gown." The scene is the press-room, from which, we believe, the reporters are very properly excluded. What, therefore, is left but an opportunity for meditation? "It was an awful thought, while looking at her, that all the minute circumstances which impressed the spectators in that sad chamber were, at the same time, fixing their objects on the tablet of her mind—so quickly to be shattered and cast into oblivion." The fact that circumstances were fixing their objects on a mental tablet is certainly an awful thought to a psychologist. But the reporter in the *Daily Telegraph*, to whom we are indebted for this meditation, has something "more to tell, which may require possibly an effort of moral courage." Here are his own words:

> It is, however, in all its grotesque horror that we would present the scene to our readers; nor can we think it prudent, or in any way desirable, that a single touch of its character should be softened down. Our words, we know, will cause a shudder through all England. Be it so. England has sometimes need to shudder and turn pale at truths within the ken of her current history. When Catharine Wilson stood pinioned in her long, loose gown on that ghastly stage—when the hangman fastened a cord or strap round the skirt of her dress, a little below the knee, so as to keep the folds together and to prevent her struggling in the last agony—when he drew a long white cap over her head, the mob at once saw, recognized, and *laughed at* an image exactly resembling a figure with which the walls and boardings of London are placarded. It was a low, stifled laugh, that ran through the brutal concourse; and in the tone of its deep cynicism there was, as we fancied, a rough, harsh kind of pity.

Œdipus help us! What does this mean? If it means that when Catharine Wilson was standing, strapped and pinioned, below the gallows, she looked like that queer figure which is called "the Cure," we can only say that to inform us of this odd likeness is a matter of very bad taste, and shows to what degradation sensation writers will stoop; but it is not a piece of information which will "cause a shudder throughout England." On the contrary, just as the fact of Mrs. Manning being hung in black satin sent satin out of fashion from that day to this, so let us hope that Mrs. Wilson's hanging may discredit the absurd "Cure" popularity.

But all this is venial enough when contrasted with an article, "Another Account," furnished to the *Morning Star*. This is written by a very deep thinker and philosopher indeed—no ordinary penny-a-liner—but a "real man," as they say, an "earnest man," who tries very hard to unite the manner of Carlyle with the matter of Dickens. He scoffs at the notion—whose notion is it?—that the hangman is a great moral teacher; and he classes among "the shams and unveracities" the view that capital punishment is a lesson to crime. In more ways than one this public instructor in the *Morning Star* is a curiosity. He is the only man in England who thinks—only he does not think, but merely affects to think—that "the grounds on which Catharine Wilson has been elevated to the position of a modern Brinvilliers are questionable;" and he goes so far as to say that her brazen impudence in the prison and on the scaffold "was the theme of general admiration." Further, he calls us to remember the case of Eliza Fenning, who certainly was executed an innocent woman, and he talks of "a poison panic." That is to say, there is one writer who has the insolence to say, or rather to hint, that Catharine Wilson was probably innocent, and has been sacrificed by an unjust judge and a terrified jury to a popular panic on the subject of secret poisoning. His argument is the old stale one of Mr. Charles Dickens. Capital punishments are wrong, because they do not appear profitably to affect the mob present at an execution; and by way of "The Moral," the *Morning Star* appends to this narrative of Catharine Wilson's execution the Police Report which announces that two persons were brought before Alderman Mechi, charged with picking pockets at the Old Bailey, at the very foot of the gallows. It is almost as absurd to refute this argument as to urge it. As though, wherever there was a crowd, there would not be pickpockets; and as though it would not be quite as reasonable to argue the duty of prohibiting Confirmations at Church, a coronation, or one of Mr. Bright's Manchester meetings, because they, too, were attended by pickpockets. But, further, the argument is, that people who witness an execution are not deterred from crime, because, while the drop is falling, they play all sorts of tricks, and indulge in loose and drunken demeanor. But where is the necessary connection between the two things? Who knows whether and when a coarse and brutal nature is or is not seriously affected? A costermonger may joke at the gallows; but it may affect him seriously, nevertheless. It does not follow that a man is not frightened, because he grins and plays the fool. An incipient murderer may, for aught Mr. Dickens knows, be warned off a coming crime, even though he cuts lewd jokes at Calcraft and his moral lesson. But all this is beside the real question. We do not say that capital punishment is only didactic. It may be, and it very often is, a deterring instrument; and we do not deny that the gallows is a warning and terror to evil-doers. We believe that hanging does produce a serious effect, even on the wretched crowds who witness it. But capital punishment is more than a moral lesson, and more than all this. It is an exhibition, on the largest and most awful scale, of that divine justice the administration of which is intrusted to law.

THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE ON M‘CLELLAN.

In the current number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* there is an article on the campaign of the Army of the Potomac, which is generally attributed to the Prince de Joinville, and bears abundant internal signs of its origin. The Prince de Joinville writes with a clearness, a force, and a moderation which have scarcely ever been brought to bear on the description of American affairs. He writes of military affairs with a professional knowledge and power of criticism, but with a simplicity and a lucidity for which civilians may be thankful.

The Prince is decidedly favorable to M‘Clellan. He tells us that M‘Clellan at first intended to attack directly in front, and that he only waited for the spring to advance. He knew quite well that the wooden cannon, which he was so much laughed at for not taking, were only made of wood, but he considered it scarcely worth while to take even wooden cannon unless he could advance beyond, and the state of the roads would not permit him. Before, however, the time came when an advance was possible, he learned that the Confederates had so completely destroyed the means of communication that he would have had to spend weeks in the mere construction of the road that was to take him toward Richmond, and feed him on his way. He therefore determined to take his army round by sea, and ascend the James River. He was beginning his preparations with the utmost secrecy, when he was ordered to Washington to attend a general council of war. The other generals present made various proposals, all, of course, based on the supposition that the army was to move by land southward. This forced M‘Clellan to reveal that he did not propose to go that way at all, but to take his army round by sea. Immediately this was known, although only confided in this way to a few men of the highest position, a mysterious feminine influence conveyed it to the Confederates, and they had time to make those preparations at Yorktown and at various parts of the peninsula which threw so much difficulty subsequently in the way of the Federals. The Prince describes, with much beauty of language and liveliness of feeling, the incidents of the march, from the landing to the final position on the Chickahominy. M‘Clellan's plan was, he thinks, quite right, and, according to all probability, the Federals ought to have won and taken Richmond; but several circumstances combined to baffle M‘Clellan. We have, perhaps, heard of them all before, but still they have a certain novelty when presented for the first time by a competent and trust-worthy observer.

In the first place, there was the scandalous treachery in the Federal council-room, which revealed to the Confederates exactly what M‘Clellan was going to do; and the consequence was that the Federal army had to force its way through a series of works and military lines, which although soon taken, yet cost, on the whole, a lamentable waste of the precious spring weather. In the next place, the summer was wet beyond all experience of Virginian summers. The army lived in a perpetual down-pour, and had to march through a vast flood. It was with the utmost difficulty that artillery could be moved on at all, and this made the approach all the more slow, the facility of concentrating an opposing Confederate force all the greater, and the sickness all the more terrible. Thirdly, the *Merrimac*, although kept from destroying the fleet or interfering with the landing of the troops by the presence of the *Monitor*, yet paralyzed the Federal gun-boats, and forced the army to march by land without the assistance it expected by water. Lastly, M‘Clellan was not supported. He was left to himself, and denied reinforcements in a way which reflects the greatest disgrace on the Washington authorities. When he took up his station at the junction of the Chickahominy and the road to West Point, he could with the greatest ease have co-operated with M‘Dowell, whose assistance would have been invaluable to him, and who was doing nothing where he was stationed, about thirty miles to the north of Richmond. But M‘Dowell received express orders by telegraph from Washington not to help M‘Clellan. The Prince thinks that the cause of this was a ridiculous fear that Washington was not quite safe, and a feeling that there was no knowing where the Confederates might turn up. The consequence was, that in the series of battles which followed M‘Clellan was beaten by the superiority of the numbers of the Confederates, who gave up every thing in order to beat him. They succeeded; and he made his way to Harrison's Landing—the victim, according to the Prince, of bad weather, and of the miserable, incompetent, selfish, treacherous set who had got hold of the reins of power at Washington.

The Prince was, in some respects, highly pleased with the American army. Here, of course, he can not be over frank. He can not indulge in any very plain criticisms on the officers with whom he has lately been living, and who received him with kindness and respect. But he makes some general remarks. That the men fought on both sides with the greatest pluck has long ago been made known to the world by the frightful carnage which is the one result even of battles that have no other. The Prince was also greatly struck with the cheerfulness, and ease, and skill, with which the men set themselves to work at natural difficulties, the celerity with which they made clearings, the adroitness with which they constructed temporary roads, and moved heavy guns. But he was also much struck with a certain slowness and languor which they displayed when acting in large bodies. This even extended to the generals; and the Prince, though scarcely saying so in plain terms, evidently thinks that even M‘Clellan was not quick enough, and lost opportunities which a commander who could have moved his troops more quickly might have seized. This the Prince attributes to the general habits of the people. They are accustomed to act for themselves, but not to act with each other; and the energy they show in pushing forward on their own account disappears when they come to pushing forward in a body. Perhaps we may gather that he does not consider the American army, as a whole, equal to that of a great Continental power. He was also much impressed with the odd coolness of the people in many respects. He mentions the embalmers, who freely comforted the army with the assurance that, for a very moderate price, a dead man might be sent home pickled, so that death lost half its sting. He also tells us that during the whole of one of the hottest battles of the Chickahominy newspaper-sellers went up and down the lines crying out the latest news from New York, and found purchasers for the journals they had to sell.

The Prince thinks that M‘Clellan's expedition was the turning-point of the war. The Washington Government had it in their power to make the expedition, according to all human probability, completely successful. But they threw away their chance, and now the South stands on an equality with the North.

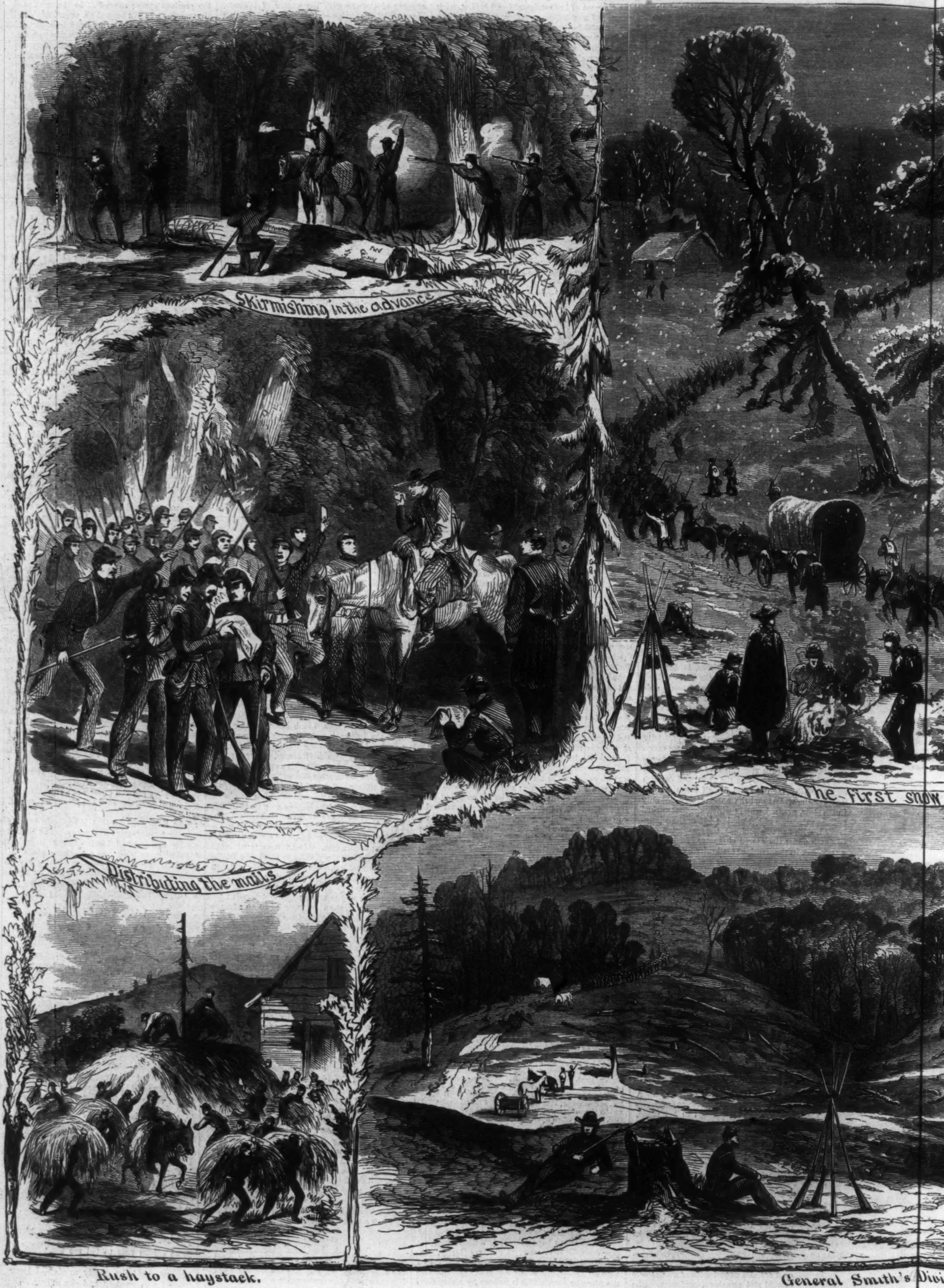
BLUE LIGHTNING.

O, the days when first I knew
The lightning blue
  Of that bright eye!
It smote me, yet it did not kill,
But with a loftier life did fill,
  A life that *could* not die—
As *then* I thought: O, rapture rare,
When I was fond, and she was fair!

O, the days when oft I knew
The honey dew
  Of that bright lip!
My bee-like kisses deeply sought
The rosy petals—nectar-fraught—
  Enchantment in each sip!
O, rapture wild! O, rapture rare!
When she was faithful, fond, and fair.

O, the fatal hour I knew
The lightning blue
  Was fraught with death—
The ice-bolt clove my heart in twain!
I think I ne'er can die again:
  For though I still have breath,
My life is naught since that cold gleam
Smote the warm fount and froze the stream.

O, the fatal hour I knew
The pallid hue
  Of lips once bright!
Love-laden lips of days gone by,
Bore poison now to bid me die,
  As, with a tremor slight,
They dropp'd the deadly words!—I knew
That I was wrong'd and she untrue.



Skirmishing in the advance

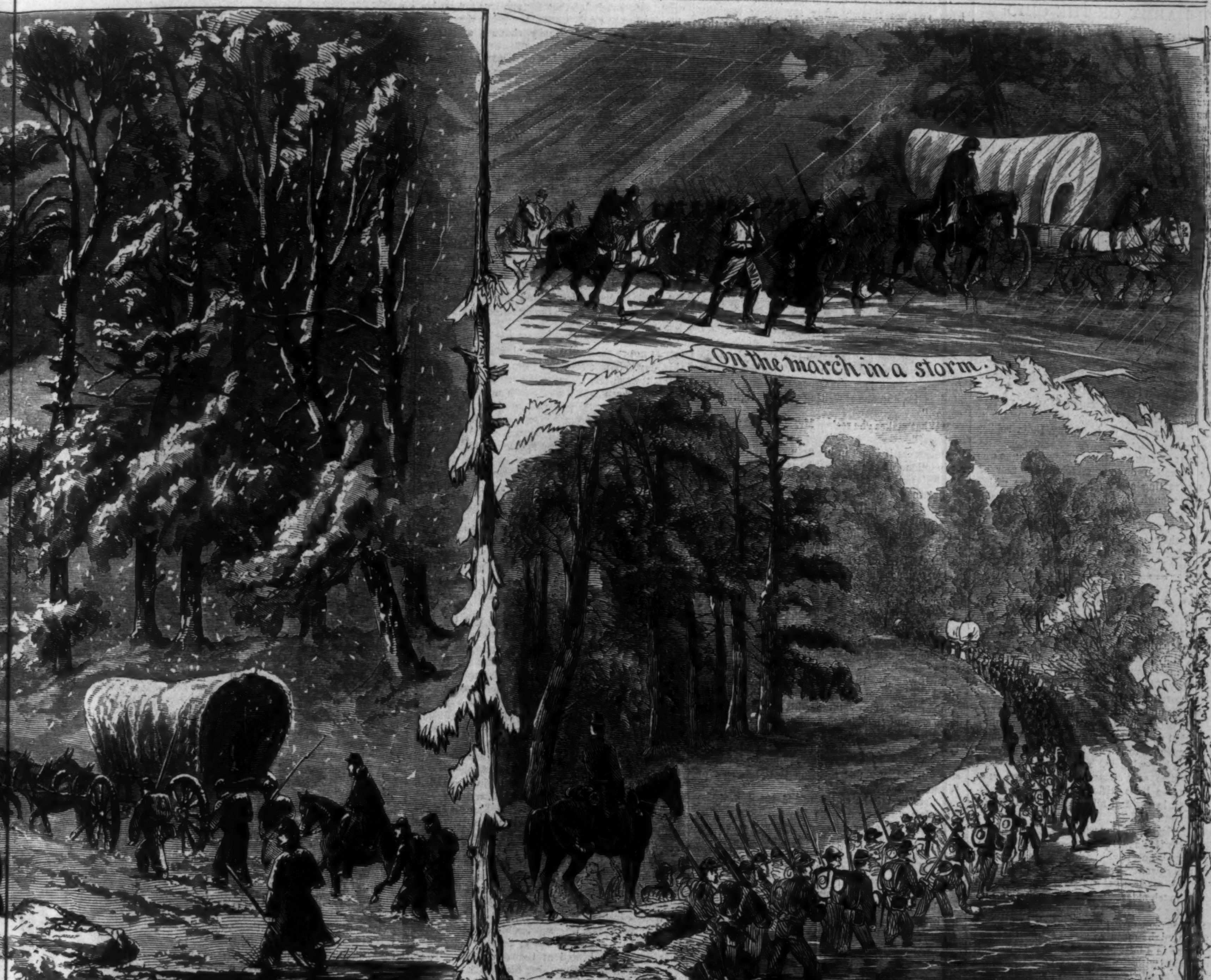
Distributing the mails

The first snow

Rush to a haystack.

General Smith's Divi

THE ARMY OF THE OHIO ON THE MARCH.—S


On the march in a storm.
ow of the season
Troops fording a stream.

Division at Wild Cat.

Clearing the Road.

H.—Sketched by Mr. H. Mosler.—[See Page 746.]

THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.

WE devote pages 744 and 745 to illustrations of THE ARMY OF THE OHIO ON THE MARCH, from sketches by Mr. Henry Mosler. Of the centre picture Mr. M. writes:

"On 26th October we started from Mount Vernon toward Somerset on our way to Bowling Green. It had snowed all the day before, and the mountain road had become one mass of mud, in some places knee-deep. The scene, however, was very imposing. The foliage was still green; autumn had not yet tinged the leaves with its gaudy colors, and it contrasted finely with the white sheet of snow which covered the ground. The trees and branches, heavily snow-laded, drooped gracefully toward the earth, and every now and then some great bough too heavily freighted fell with a resounding crash. After a weary march of fifteen miles the troops encamped for the night at Somerset, without tents. You may fancy how they enjoyed the cold night, in their chilled, wet condition, sleeping in the open air.

"WILD CAT is a place where a battle was fought on 21st October, 1861. In the fore-ground I represent part of the earth-works thrown up at that time. The hills on the right, which are very high, command all the surrounding strong-holds. The scenery is picturesque, and in a military point of view I think the height is impregnable.

"Another picture represents a MARCH IN THE RAIN. This scene is well impressed on my memory, as I got a good ducking, my India rubber being of no use whatever.

"CLEARING THE ROAD OF FELLED TREES was a daily operation on our march. The rear of Bragg's retreating army felled every tree which stood near enough the road to fall across it, and our advance column had to clear away the obstructions. We were often so close in pursuit that we could hear the crash of the falling trees.

"The other pictures explain themselves."

AN ARM FOR A HEART.

ONE of Mrs. Meredith's "evenings" was two-thirds over. The lights shone gayly over fair women. Eyes sparkled, jewels flashed, silken raiment glistened, filmy laces shook odors out upon the air. The dance music sounded merrily; for it was only the February of '61, and people used to dance then—before the nation had been turned into two classes only, soldiers and mourners. Ethel Darricott was tired. She had been on the floor all the evening. She was glad now to obey her partner's lead, and stop for a moment to rest upon a sofa, in the recess formed by a bay-window. The little nook was deserted just then, as it chanced, and it looked quiet and inviting—a little withdrawn from the confusion, and yet in sight of all the light, and glitter, and movement.

Miss Darricott had danced more than half the evening with this same partner—Howard Revere. He was a handsome, haughty, indolent man; young still, scarcely twenty-five, indeed; but with an air of command, careless yet absolute, that made you think him much older. There was something inscrutable, something which piqued your curiosity, in the expression of his face—a look in his dark eyes which might mean so many things that you lost yourself in a mist of speculation. He was tall and vigorous, with muscles that would have set the "strong man" crazy with envy; and yet a lazy, nonchalant air, as if he would like some one to save him the trouble of lifting his own fingers.

Miss Darricott was happy sitting there by his side, both of them silent, with the bright dresses and fair faces circling mazily in front of them, and the dance music so merry that it was sad with its own madness of mirth sounding in their ears. They looked on for a while without speaking—then Miss Darricott said, musingly:

"A great many pretty faces, aren't there?"

"I suppose so. I was just wondering why none of them looked particularly pretty to me. I wonder is it always so, Ethel—that when a man truly loves one he sees some defect in all others because they are not just like her?"

He had never called her Ethel before. It quickened her heart-beats a little, and she did not answer him because she did not know what to say. He did not notice, at least he went on speaking slowly, half involuntarily as it were, words which *would* be said.

"I don't know why I tell you now, Ethel. I surely did not mean to when I made you sit down here; but I love you. I want you to be mine, my wife, by my side forever—to fill up a great void there is in my life. What does your heart say? Can you come?"

Miss Darricott did not speak for a little while. She was asking herself his question over again—it was not whether she loved him, but whether she could share his destiny, be his wife. She grew pale a little before she answered, but her reply, when it came, was firmly spoken—

"No!"

Howard Revere turned and looked at her a moment—looked into her eyes and at her face, whose language was firm as her tone had been. He did not expostulate with her or entreat her. It would not have been like him. He only bowed.

"Will you dance?" he said, rising a moment after, as a new set was forming. She put a cold hand into his, and went again among the dancers.

Miss Darricott had a cousin—a year older, a little less beautiful, but with a keen insight into men and things. She was an orphan, living with the family of her Uncle Darricott almost as a daughter. That night the two lingered over the fire in the little dressing-room between their two rooms, and talked together as girls do after balls. Only Ethel was more silent than usual, and her cousin Grace watched her anxiously but furtively.

"Have you not lost something?" Grace inquired at length, with a covert meaning in her tone.

"No, I believe not," glancing at rings and bracelets.

"Lost was not a good word, perhaps. I mean have you not thrown away something to-night which you will want, and seek for vainly as the years go on?"

Ethel's eye fell beneath the keen yet kindly glance which searched her face. Her cheeks colored. Her answer was a question scarcely to the point.

"How do you know every thing, Grace? How did you guess this?"

"I saw it all in pantomime. Words could not have been so expressive as your face and his. I was sorry, for I believe you love him."

"I fear I do. But he did not ask me that; he only asked if I could be his wife."

"And you told him no? I am sorry, for I do not think he will ever ask again. If you love him why not marry him?"

"Because I feared I might stop loving him some day. To live the listless, aimless life we women do is bad enough. It offends both my taste and my principles to see a man idling away life in this world, where so many harvest fields are waiting."

Grace looked at her cousin with a changed expression.

"I thought I understood you, Ethel, and yet I should never have given you credit for such a reason. What you say is certainly right and true in the main, only I do not think it applies to Mr. Revere. There is a difference between an idle, aimless life, and one of waiting till one's right work comes."

"What makes you reckon Mr. Revere among the waiters?"

"Because it is not in his nature to like idleness or inaction. I can see that he is restive under it. But he is not fond of vain labor, of wasting strength. Did you never learn that those who wait serve also? Howard Revere's time will come, and his life will be one not to shame any woman that loved him. But it's useless talking now. It would not be like him ever to say over again what he said to-night."

Ethel Darricott tried to be light-hearted when she was alone; but it was a miserable failure, and she gave up at last to the tears that would come. Her cousin's words disquieted her strangely. Had she indeed thrown away the one pure pearl Fate would proffer her in this life, and would its white glory never again gladden heart and eyes, though she should seek a place of repentance even with tears?

So it went on till the surrender of Sumter, and the call which summoned the loyal North to arms. Among the first to volunteer his services was the man she had thought so fond of ease and self, so fearful of fatigue, so laggard in the race of life. His name was enrolled as a private at first, but his company chose him unanimously for captain, and so Captain Revere led them on to the defense of Washington.

Before he left he called to bid Ethel good-by; but other guests were in the drawing-room, and he did not see her alone. Only when he was leaving she stepped to the door with him, and he held her hand for a moment. Perhaps that touch conjured his soul to his lips. At any rate he said what he had not meant to say.

"You are not all to me that I once hoped you would be, Ethel; but you are my friend, are you not? You will think of me sometimes, and be sorry for me a little if I fall?"

"You will not fall," Ethel said, resolutely, forcing back the tears that threatened to choke her. "I shall think of you, and when you come back I shall welcome you, and be proud of my friend."

"If I do not come back," he said, wringing her hand as he turned away, "God bless you. I have not changed in my estimation of you because your heart would not let you be altogether mine."

He went away with those words, and then Ethel knew how she had loved him.

The next day came—the soldiers were gone, and Ethel Darricott tried to take up cheerfully the remnant of life which was left to her. The best half and the dearest, she felt, was gone with him; but much remained to do, somewhat even to rejoice in. She was not more exacting of others than she was of herself. To have yielded idly to her grief would have been to be false to her ideal. Even her own father saw no change in her.

So the months passed on for more than a year, even to the terrible six days of fighting before Richmond. In all this time Captain Revere had never been seriously wounded, and had never left the post of duty. Other men took furloughs—some on slight pretexts—and came home; he never. Perhaps he felt that he had no true home, and no hope to lure him Northward, and so grew reckless of life. Miss Darricott meanwhile watched the papers anxiously. She saw his name often where brave deeds were told, heroic valor praised; and still he was unharmed. She began to believe that the ball was not yet cast which should work him woe; and sometimes, when she thought of the future, a sweet, scarcely recognized hope began to flutter its wings tremblingly in her heart. Grace might not have been right, after all. He might come back yet, and say over again the words for whose remembered music her soul thirsted.

But at last Fate and the Rebels were too strong for him. In the battle of Centreville he lost an arm, and was severely wounded besides in the hip. The hospitals were full; and as soon as he could bear moving he was sent home. It was some weeks before he could walk at all, and then he was told that sea air would help to recruit his exhausted energies, and sent off by his physician to Newport. Perhaps he went the more willingly because he knew that the Darricotts had a summer cottage there, and in his secret heart he was conscious of a longing to see Ethel again. And yet Grace had been right when she divined that he would never ask a second time the question he had asked on that February night. To have been twice rejected by the same woman would have been to him a moral impossibility. He hardly knew himself why he wanted to see her, or what vague hope he had.

He had been in Newport a week before he called on her. He had trusted to meeting her first by some accident. But she was evidently very retired. He concluded that fortune was not on his side; and as he really wanted to see her very much gave over waiting for lucky chances, and went there.

She was alone when his card was brought to her. She knew of his wound—knew what changes to expect in seeing him. She staid in her own room long enough to fortify herself, and make sure that she would betray no uncalled-for emotion. With face and manner schooled to mere friendliness she went down. Her self-command almost failed her as he came to meet her with halting step, and she saw the empty coat-sleeve hanging at his side. It was so pitiful to note the decay of that fine, vigorous, manly strength—to think of the good right arm that he would never use more.

"I am home for good now," he said, with an evident effort to bear himself cheerfully. "It is a great disappointment. I had so hoped to be able to help on the good cause till it reached the triumphal end, which is sure to come."

"Then you have no doubts of the final result?" Ethel asked, forcing herself to speak, and knowing that she could not trust her voice on any subject less general.

"Not a doubt! The great cause of human liberty is not to receive its death-blow in this land or this day. The world has been tending for centuries toward this culminating point. The battle is not between North and South merely, but between anarchy and government, honor and dishonor, right and wrong. Our country is only the great battle-ground for the conflict of all the ages. Do you think in such an epoch the right could fail?"

Ethel's face kindled in response to his eager glance. Then she looked at his arm, and sighed as she said, softly,

"How much it costs!"

"We set small value, you know, on that which we do not buy dear," he answered, with that grand, brave smile of his. "I think no price could be too great to pay. I would have given life as cheerfully as I gave what I did; but then that is not so much to say for a man who has no ties to make life precious."

"Would you have staid at home if I had answered you differently that night?"

Ethel never could tell how she came to ask this question. The words seemed to utter themselves without her volition. She could have bitten her tongue off for speaking them a moment after.

He looked at her, a little surprised perhaps, yet not displeased, for the kindness of his smile did not change, and his voice was almost tender as he replied,

"No, I should not have staid at home even in that case. Duty is duty just as much when a man has every thing to make it hard to do it, as when any great disappointment makes all sacrifices easy. And yet I might not have been so fearless in the hour of danger if I had thought there was one at home whose heart and life were linked so indissolubly to mine—who knows?"

He had spoken the last words musingly, as if more to himself than her. Embarrassed beyond expression by the question she had asked, she did not know how to take up the conversation. Just then her cousin Grace came in, and made her task easy. Never was interruption more welcomed.

After that they met often; but the old subject was not again hinted at between them. Now, strangely enough, something like intimacy seemed to be springing up between Captain Revere and her cousin Grace. At first the sight of it cost her a bitter pang, but she conquered it bravely—conquered it so entirely that she was able to love Grace as before, and to kiss her tenderly night and morning, as she had done ever since she was a little child. Yet she was but a woman, with a woman's weak, defenseless heart, and sometimes it ached with a keen, sharp pain when she saw Grace drive away by Captain Revere's side, in the low, easy-going carriage in which he passed hours of every day upon the beach.

In one of these drives Captain Revere surprised his companion by saying, with a quiver of pain in his voice:

"Grace, if I were not the miserable cripple that I am, I should ask you to love me; but I should not do it without telling you how dear I once held your cousin Ethel."

Grace Darricott fairly trembled. She had never dreamed of this. She had grown so intimate with him only for Ethel's sake, in order that a time might come when she could honorably and delicately let him know the state of her cousin's heart. Of supplanting that cousin she had never dreamed. And yet—poor human nature—she was tempted for just one sorrowful moment. Howard Revere had long seemed to her the embodiment of her noblest conception of manhood. A thrill of troubled joy at his words told her how easy it would be to love him. For a moment her heart panted after this bliss beyond her hopes, adorned with all the grace and glory she had dwelt on through dreaming years. Then resolutely she put from her the cup she had no right to taste, and saved the sweet draught for another. Her voice, when she spoke, was as calm as if she had passed through no perilous crisis of emotion.

"You know women very slightly, Captain Revere, if you do not know that one who loved you would love you all the better, esteem it all the more an honor to be your wife, because of what the whole country would recognize as a badge of glory. But, pardon me, I think you ought not to use the past tense about your love for Ethel. I can not believe that it is dead, any more than is her love for you."

"Ethel! Her love for me! You do not mean that she ever loved me?"

He spoke with a changed manner, a wild, glad eagerness, which would have augured poorly for Grace's hopes of happiness with him had she been mad enough to cherish any. It was easy to see now, in kindling glance and earnest tone, *whom* he loved—whom he would always love. Grace smiled—most women can when a heartache lies underneath.

"Yes, I am sure. She would not like it, perhaps at present she would not forgive it, if she dreamed that I had let you know; but I can not think two lives ought to be sacrificed to the delicate scruples of maidenly pride. Ethel does love you. She loved you all the time."

"And yet," he said with a puzzled tone, as if it all seemed a mystery beyond his solving, "she certainly refused me."

"That was because of some Quixotic notions of hers. She thought then that you were an idler in the vineyard—a man living without a purpose, and she hesitated to ally her life with yours lest both might be a failure. It was only that she did not quite understand you then. When you went to the war she began to see you in a new light. If you had asked her the same question that day she would not have said no."

Captain Revere turned a face over which the dawn of a new day had broken to his companion.

"I can not thank you fitly," he said. "You knew me better than I knew myself when you told me my love for Ethel was not dead. And yet I thought I had conquered it. I took her so fully at her word that night. If she did not care for me then, I thought she never would—I have never cherished any shadow of hope since."

It was not quite sunset when they reached home. Ethel was in the yard, just returned from a walk.

"Come with me and see the sunset, will you not?" Captain Revere asked in a tone which seemed to take her compliance for granted. She was tempted to say "No," out of sheer perverseness; but she reflected that she should be punishing herself as well as him. Already the clouds were turning to flame; the sea was radiant, the air balm. Why should she not enjoy it all with him—her friend—he was at least that.

She stepped into the low carriage by his side and they rolled away. Soon he gave her the reins—he was tired of driving, he said. Leaning back, as if enjoying the luxurious ease of his position, the swift motion, the sunset goldenly glorious, he was silent for a time. After a while he began talking to her—talking as he had never talked before—lamenting the loss of his arm because of the idle, aimless life to which it would compel him. He told her how alone in the world he was—Fate had taken his arm, his power of usefulness, and given him no compensation—no wife, no child, no love true and tender enough to conquer all the ills of life. It was hard.

His words, his bitter, despairing mood, so unlike himself, touched her to the heart's core. She turned her tearful eyes to his sad face. She forgot the conviction she had begun of late to entertain that he loved her cousin—forgot pride and womanly scruples—forgot herself, and thought only of comforting him.

"Would the heart you once asked for be any compensation?" she whispered, in tones so low that he could scarcely hear them.

His face kindled.

"Ethel, why do you ask? It would make life rich beyond asking or hoping. It would pay me all I lost ten thousand fold."

"Then I will tell you, Howard; I loved you then and ever since."

Was ever sunset like that sunset? Did ever waves break upon the strand with such a summer song, such passion of melody and joy? Let what would come thereafter they could not lose that memory. They had lived because they had loved.

When they reached home Ethel found her cousin waiting for her in her own room. She did not know then—she never will know—the agency that cousin had had in bringing about the great joy of her life. She told her secret in a tone of gentle pride:

"Grace, I am engaged to Captain Revere."

"Indeed! Then I suppose you set me down as a false prophet. I thought he would never ask you again."

Ethel blushed a little.

"I believe he did not. I am afraid it was I who asked him."

The kiss of congratulation which Grace pressed upon the fair face raised to hers was not the less warm and true because of some silent tears she had wept that night, as she sat looking out toward the sea and the sunset—tears which only God saw.

MIZPAH.

MRS. DAYTA looked up from the alabaster shell that she was filling with fuschias.

"I think," she said, in her soft, deliberate way, "that Mr. Mainwaring is quite right. If I had a daughter who refused the position for which I had educated her, on any absurd pretext of not loving or fancying the man who offered it, I should most certainly disinherit her, as he has done, and leave her at full liberty to act out her romantic notions unhindered by me:" at which Douglas Erfut whistled softly to himself, and Margaret went on sewing with an ominous sparkle under her downcast lashes.

Matters were thus:

Four years ago Mrs. Dayta brought home Margaret Johns, then sixteen. Mrs. Dayta majestically styled it a whim; for Whim, be it known, is a parasite aristocratic. Fortune may toss diamonds in the lap of parvenus, but Whim is a thing of birth and breeding. Society allows it only to those who sit at her round table. Mrs. Dayta had been a Peyton, was connected with the Massers and Pentables; fortified in such a Bastile of respectability, she could afford to keep a whim and parade it. The cars had been thrown from the track and she stranded at a country inn; heard there of a forgotten fossil cousin; saw at her house her daughter, Margaret Peyton Johns; said to her, "Your dress is atrocious, your hair and your manner worse; but you are a very handsome girl, and if you will come with me I will develop you;" overcame doubts and hesitation, carried her off in triumph.

Mr. Dayta was recently dead. Grief was tedious.

Margaret must commence the developing process; so Mrs. Dayta took her to Rome, spent four years between there and Venice—for she was in no hurry. She considered haste the sign-manual of weakness, + his mark. During those years Margaret's mother died and her father took a second wife—a vulgar, shrewish woman; from that time Bagdad would have been as eligible an abiding place in her thought as the lonely farm-house in Virginia; and Sweet Air, Mrs. Dayta's country seat, where they quietly settled on their return, became in truth her home: so pleasant a one that she rarely thought of the cloud, no larger than a man's hand, on her horizon—her utter dependence and isolation.

There had been two days of pitiless fog and drizzle, borrowed of November, with no hope of clearing till late in the afternoon, when a cold gleam showed above the hills, followed by a flash and sparkle of sunshine, a sudden blaze of the sun low down in the west, and a surge and rush of clouds, burning fiercely at their ragged edges, reft, broken through by long quivering gleams of brightness, darker than scarlet, deeper than gold; in its turn caught, embosomed, swept away in the purple rout toward the sea, or tossed high toward mid-heaven, bursting out in rosy flushes through the tangle and the fluttering of the trees; and Margaret, wrapped in a cloak and hood, watching it all from the crumbling bank overlooking the river.

She was not too pleased to hear some one coming down the walk. It sounded like Roscoe Baring's step; if not, it must be Lucius Marvin, familiarly known as "Lucy." Hard to tell which she disliked the most! It proved, however, to be Douglas Erfut. What sent him there? She had thought him a fixture near Mrs. Dayta.

He came and stood beside her silently and reverently till the glory was quite gone—then,

"Thank you," said Margaret, turning around. "I know no one else who would have had so much sense. Only the gag could have hindered them from breaking in on the divine service that has been going on."

Douglas smiled at her, not with his lips but out of the depths of a remarkable pair of blue eyes—answered quite irrelevantly,

"You must come in. This wind is too cool for you."

"On the contrary I am thawing out. When I came out I was a petrifaction of disgust. The waters of small talk have been dropping on me for the past two days, and every good and pleasant feeling is nearly turned into stone."

"Your own fault."

"You know nothing at all about it. You are all day with your books, and your busy, stirring life. The quiet that is stagnation to me is rest to you. The rose that has been running its thorns into me all day shows you only blushes. Here, too, when you are tired, you can play billiards, smoke your cigars, and talk politics in your detestable slang, though I protest I had rather hear it than the nonsense about Ada Pentable and her diamonds, and Sam Masser's match, Mrs. Devant's housekeeping, her rouge, and her d'Alençon shawl. I am interested in neither flannels nor silk. I don't care whether Selina's aunt was Miss Eastman or Miss Portman. I like none of these things."

"You need not let them injure you."

"*Que faire?* It is all our life. Dressing, driving, gossiping, with such dreary variations as Lucy's 'I say now, Miss Margaret, ain't that jolly?' or Roscoe Baring's 'A person of your fine mind can not but appreciate,' etc."

Margaret mimicked tone and manner with precision. Douglas looked astonished.

"I beg your pardon, but really I have always thought you were trying to decide which of those two gentlemen is the most bearable."

Margaret's cheeks flamed even in the darkness, but she answered, half-defiantly,

"Well, could I do better?"

"Yes, if you dare."

They were close upon the house; no time then to ask his meaning even if she had wished. In the drawing-room the people were all gathered about the fire, and their entrance was hardly noticed.

Douglas sat down by Margaret in the shadow.

"Dare you?" he asked, as if in continuation of their conversation.

"Dare I what?"

Sudden flame shot up in their faces. Mrs. Dayta had quietly lighted a lamp swinging near them, and stood scanning them.

"Did you have a pleasant walk?" she asked.

"We had no walk at all. I found Miss Margaret shivering on the bank, and brought her in."

"Most grandmotherly of you! But seriously, Margaret, you look as if you were thoroughly chilled; go over by the fire, my love."

Margaret went over to the hearth, and stood there holding up a little walking boot to the dancing blaze, and looking into it with dreaming eyes, listening perhaps to the wind beating up against the broad front of the house, and gibbering in the chimney.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Roscoe Baring, who had been watching her. "You look mutinous, what the Scotch call 'raised.' Did you meet a spirit in your walk?"

"I don't know—perhaps."

"Your destiny, of course."

Margaret started. Groping in the dark Roscoe had struck full at what in her mind was most antagonistic to him.

"A destiny!" she answered, with spirit. "I doubt if it will be mine. I don't like it."

"Ah!"

It was Mrs. Dayta exclaiming at the other end of the room. In walking about the billiard-table she had struck her little jeweled back-comb against a bracket, or caught her braid in it, or, at any rate, there it was, all down around her, her superb hair, longer even than Margaret's, of that lovely brown that here and there brightens into reddish gold; and what with gossamer sleeves falling away from her handsome arms as she put it back, and the white gleaming of little hands in the soft-clinging mass, and the sparkle of diamonds catching the light, making a very pretty picture for all whom it might concern—Mr. Erfut, for instance. Perhaps Margaret didn't think it pretty. At any rate she turned her back, brought out from a blue silk nest a thimble, which, if thimbles can feel, must have been not a little astonished at its unusual perch on her finger, and sewed savagely all the evening, not even stopping for coffee; but after a while a well-shaped masculine hand, on which sparkled a certain familiar signet ring, set down a tiny cup before her, and Douglas Erfut said in her ear,

"Miss Margaret, listen to this apropos of our conversation: "'Suffering and sacrifice is the price of truth and good. Roads slope easily downward, and climb painfully upward, but at the end of one a ditch awaits you; the other winds into the very rose and sapphire of heaven itself.'"

"Whose writing is that?" asked Margaret, looking up in surprise, but dropping her eyes the instant after under his steady, meaning look, and crimsoning to the temples at her own simplicity; while Mrs. Dayta, watching them with jealous, wrathful eyes over her coffee-cup, cried out, like Athaliah, "treason" in her heart.

It was at this juncture that she had favored them with the declaration with which we commence; ominous enough for Margaret, energetically hating the fate chosen for her by Mrs. Dayta in the person of Lucius, or Roscoe Baring, just awakened to the possibility of resistance, half shrinking from the struggle, wholly uncertain of her own strength. At this time they left Sweet Air for their usual winter's stay in town.

Douglas came daily, so did Roscoe and Lucius; and the world said that Mrs. Dayta would become Mrs. Erfut, and that Margaret was coquetting, quoting the proverb about "two stools," etc., and nearing the truth as closely as usual.

Came that memorable 13th of April, the rising of the North, the pouring forth of volunteers, and foremost among them, enlisting as a private, and for the war, Douglas Erfut. When they heard of it, Margaret and Mrs. Dayta both turned white, looked at each other stealthily, saw only a blank, and resigned themselves to wait as only women can.

It was the evening before Douglas's going, Margaret's birth-night also; music sounding out in the drawing-room, airy flutterings, whisperings, and rustlings every where; lights springing from the burning hearts of brazen flowers, or streaming moonlike from alabaster globes, pale honey-suckles hanging over broad-brimmed marble vases, lilies, scarlet fuschias, purple and golden leaved pansies crowded in their centre, or swinging in baskets of cool moss from the walls, Mrs. Dayta calm and watchful, Margaret starting at every new arrival, and looking like a spirit; that was the way Douglas found them. He was nervous too in his way. He would not be hindered by the crowd, he would not be detained by Mrs. Dayta, but cut his way through it all like Saladin's sword, and as if by instinct found Margaret sitting alone for the instant. She tried hard for composure, but her cheeks would burn, her voice would tremble.

"How late you were! I thought you were not coming at all."

"You could never have believed that—besides, I am not the latest. I see Roscoe and Lucy are not here yet."

"I don't think they will honor us."

Something in Margaret's tone made him start, look earnestly for a moment, then smile.

"You have done it, then."

"Done what? How malicious you look! I have told you nothing."

Douglas put such trifling on one side with a wave of his hand:

"I am serious now. What will Mrs. Dayta say?"

"How can I tell? You heard her the other morning. You need not look so. I have counted the cost. I have the instincts of my race—I love all this (looking about her) with passion even. The bright colors, the fragrant air, the luxury, the very winding of the stairs are to me hourly pleasure; but I can accept the details even of a poor and squalid life better than disgust and death in life, with Roscoe Baring or Lucy. Once I thought it might be endured—"

She stopped short, arrested by the triumph of Douglas's eyes, tried to rally, flushed all over her pale face, stammered, fell into hopeless confusion, and bending low her proud head began to pull a honey-suckle to pieces leaf by leaf. Douglas caught the little destroying hands and held them fast in his own.

"How is it with me, Margaret?" he asked, softly. "Let me hear my sentence too. Would life with me be death in life also?"

Margaret was silent, but she offered no resistance when he drew her close to his heart.

"Margaret, do you love me?"

"Oh, hush!—you know."

"No, I am unbelieving as Thomas. I can't take in so much happiness. Set it to music. Say Douglas I love you."

"I—"

"Well—"

"Oh, I can't; you know that I do."

Douglas took off his ring—a shield of onyx, bearing the word Mizpah in Hebrew lettering, each quaint character picked out in diamond sparks.

"You will wear this, and remember its meaning," he said. "The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another. My darling, you will think of me often."

"What else shall I have to do?"

"I hope nothing more distasteful; yet I wish I was not so inexorably hurried away. I don't half like leaving you to the tender mercies of Mrs. Dayta."

"Hush!" whispered Margaret; voices and steps were in perilous neighborhood, people coming to look for cloaks and hoods. Douglas found time for only one word more, as they were standing in the door-way.

"You will write me often?"

"Of course."

The words were spoken half in a whisper, Douglas held her hand but an instant, but Mrs. Dayta caught both words and look, and the shadow that had haunted her face for the last few weeks deepened and darkened as she went back into the bright deserted rooms. Margaret had not yet gone up stairs but seated herself on the first sofa that fell in her way, unconscious of any thing but her own thought, not smiling, but reflecting in face and air some inward glory. This radiance completed Mrs. Dayta's exasperation. The sullen wrath that had smouldered so long flamed up in fierce invective. Margaret had set aside the purpose and the ambition of years as a very little thing, had stolen from her the only love she had ever valued. She had waited till doubting was at an end. Now she raged all the more furiously, because of her long self-control. Margaret listened, at first bewildered and half-terrified, grew then indignant, answered at last coolly contemptuous. Between these two truce could never exist again. No refuge was left Margaret now but her father's house, and the welcome, if the clammy fingers and the cool, unfriendly scrutiny of her step-mother could be called by so warm a name. Up the hill Difficulty lay Margaret's road from this time; her father had never loved her overmuch, had ceased to think of her as his; her step-mother said openly,

"That if *she* didn't care enough for her family to stay with them, she would have more spirit than to come back to take the bread out of their mouths when her fine friends shoved her off."

Unjust as well as cruel, since Margaret worked, not indeed over wash-tub and stove, but with children and sewing, night and day.

One only consolation was left her. She must hear from Douglas soon. She had written to him a week ago, but the days went on into weeks, and at last Margaret said to herself with a shudder, "It is a month." Two months, and hope began to fade; three, and it died quite away. Douglas had not cared to answer; she was deserted; utterly alone in life. People don't thrive on convictions of that sort; and Margaret drooped so fast that at last even her father saw, and pulling the work from her hands roughly told her to let it alone, and stay out in the air till she could look a little less like a ghost. She obeyed, but always in the same listless, hopeless way. The mountains could give her none of their solemn peace and assurance, and when she sought it from above, she only groped for it in the dark, asked it of a God far off, and was not answered.

She stood one evening as she had stood a year before, watching the day go out. Heavy clouds rushed to bar out the sinking sun, and the dying light had risen against it in blood-red revolt, scaled the dark mass, hurled down on it such flakes of flame as might pave the road to heaven, shot out over it in long arrowy gleams, filled all the west with awful living splendor. The hills below her were already asleep in shadow, the mountain gloomed above, its still fields dark to the very top, but uplifting the woods on its crest into the very heart of the intolerable glory; and the brown leaves burned darkly in the clear light, and about the cool, dark green of pines and cedars writhed scarlet vines, and showing, through trembling boughs of larch, yellows and crimson blended in a wild mosaic.

"'Pears like as ef de Lord was jes dar," said old Juliet, once Margaret's nurse, drawing near. "Dat some sech burnin' as de Holy ob Holies. I clar I'se most feared to look, I feels him so close."

"Not to me, Juliet. It only seems wrathful and burning. I can't find the Lord."

"Kase you looks too fur, honey chile. Tell ye he's close by; he's got hole ob your hand jes now, poor lamb! He's been callin' you dis long time; now he's waitin' for you to come."

"He has taken away every thing from me," exclaimed Margaret, passionately. "He has left me nothing. I am desolate—bereaved."

"Do don't say dat, Miss Margret. De Lord's ways not man's ways. Tink how he led Moses clar to de back ob de desert, and what he showed 'Lijah in de cave in de mountain, like dis yer, p'raps, and how our blessed Jesus preached in de wild places 'cause de prince ob dis world stopped de eyes and ears in de cities, jes as he done wid you; and ef you feels cast down, tink ob dat poor soul Joseph sold away among strangers, younger dan you. Spec his heart went down like lead sometimes when he was in dat yer prison, clean forgot ob ebery one. But he come out all glorious in de end—'member dat, Miss Margret."

"I can't think. I want comfort, not thought; that is driving me mad already," sighed Margaret. "I am alone, deserted altogether."

"No, you ain't, you precious chile. Tell you Christ jes here; not fur off, way up 'mong de stars, as you tink. Try and believe, poor chile; only put out yer hand and say, Lord help, I will come. Needn't be afraid to step, Miss Margret, he'll ketch you; won't let you fall, no more'n he let Peter drown; only try and see!" exclaimed Juliet, tears streaming fast down her face.

A blank must come here. Of that abiding of Christ with flesh and blood those only can know who dare take his promises fully to themselves. Words are not sufficient for the things of the spirit. Enough that Margaret found that peace that passeth all understanding.

The times grew stormier. War made itself heard and felt even there; parties of scouts belonging to either side grew to be no infrequent visitors. Margaret viewed them with utter indifference. What were their wars and fightings to her? But one night she caught the tones of a voice that made her heart leap up with a sickening throb, and turning short she met the incredulous look of a pair of blue eyes that certainly in the old time belonged to Douglas Erfut.

"Margaret!"

"Douglas!"

And then hesitation and reproach on either side.

"How cruel you have been to hide yourself here without a word!"

"You have forgotten me."

"Forgotten! I have looked for you every where. Why didn't you write?"

"I did."

"I have never received a line. I have been trying to find you for the last six months. I had commenced to despair."

And then Margaret told him all the story of that sorrowful year, ending with a glance at the ring.

"So you see, Douglas, the Lord did watch between us." And so she found rest, for be sure he did not leave her long in that dreary house, but took her into his life and to his heart forever.

THE "VANDERBILT."

WE publish on page 748 a picture of the United States steamship VANDERBILT, which has just gone in chase of the pirate *Alabama*. This magnificent vessel, the finest man-of-war in our navy, was built, at a cost of nearly one million of dollars, for Commodore Vanderbilt by Mr. Jeremiah Simonson some five years ago, and was last year presented to the Government *as a free gift* by her owner. She is 340 feet long, 49 feet beam, 33 feet depth of hold, and 5268 tons. She is propelled by two engines of 2500-horse power, and is notoriously the fastest vessel afloat, as well as one of the strongest. To prepare her for fighting, all her upper works on the main-deck have been cut away, leaving her deck flush from bow to stern. She carries twelve nine-inch Dahlgren guns, six on a side, and two 100-pound Parrott guns, one forward and the other aft. Her power as a ram has often been described. Being solid for fifty feet from the bow, she could run down any vessel in the world. She is commanded by Commander Baldwin. We hope he may meet the *Alabama*.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL STANLEY.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL DAVID S. STANLEY, whose portrait we give on page 749, is a native of Ohio. He entered the Military Academy in 1848, and graduated ninth in the large class of 1852. His first service, after the usual routine of duty at the cavalry school of practice at Carlisle, was with the Surveying Expedition to the Pacific under Lieutenant Whipple. On the return of the expedition he was assigned to duty with his regiment, on the Western frontier, where, in several conflicts with the Indians, he distinguished himself for energy and courage. Lieutenant-General Scott, in his brief notices of events connected with the campaigns of 1859, says: "The prompt and gallant First Lieutenant David S. Stanley, First Cavalry from Fort Arbuckle, with Company D of his regiment, pursued into the Wishita Mountains a party of Comanches thirty minutes after receiving his orders. After an exciting steeple-chase of several miles over rocks, the detachment killed and left dead on the field seven Comanches."

On the breaking out of the rebellion General Stanley was a captain of the First (now the Fourth) Cavalry, and with his Company was distinguished in several engagements with the rebels in Missouri: in the affair at Forsyth having his horse killed under him. He acted a most conspicuous part at New Madrid and Island No. 10, at Iuka, and, last, at the battle of Corinth, in command of a division, where he gallantly led the brilliant charge of the Eleventh Missouri and Twenty-seventh Ohio, which was the crowning act in that glorious victory.

CHIEF QUARTER-MASTER INGALLS.

ON page 749 we give a portrait of COLONEL RUFUS INGALLS, Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac, and one of our best soldiers. The following sketch will explain who the General is:

Rufus Ingalls, United States Army, Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac, entered West Point as Cadet in 1839, and graduated in 1843. He was born in Denmark, Maine, August 23, 1820; was first sent to duty in Louisiana, with the celebrated rifle regiment, formerly Second Dragoons, now the Second Cavalry, and served under the late rebel General Twiggs, on the borders of Texas, when that State was a Republic.

In the year 1845 he was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the First Dragoons, and joined that regiment at Fort Leavenworth in May of that year. At the breaking out of the Mexican War he was Adjutant of that post, which was most of the time under General Kearney, and assisted in mustering in and drilling Doniphan's famous regiment. He marched afterward into New Mexico with General Kearney, where he served in various parts of the Territory until the autumn of 1847, when he was relieved and ordered to California.

He was present in the conflicts at Embudo and Pueblo-de-Taos, during the insurrection in the early part of 1847; and when Captain Burgeoin fell in the latter battle, February 4, 1847, he was by his side, and assumed command of the regulars on the field. He was brevetted for "gallantry and good conduct" on that occasion.

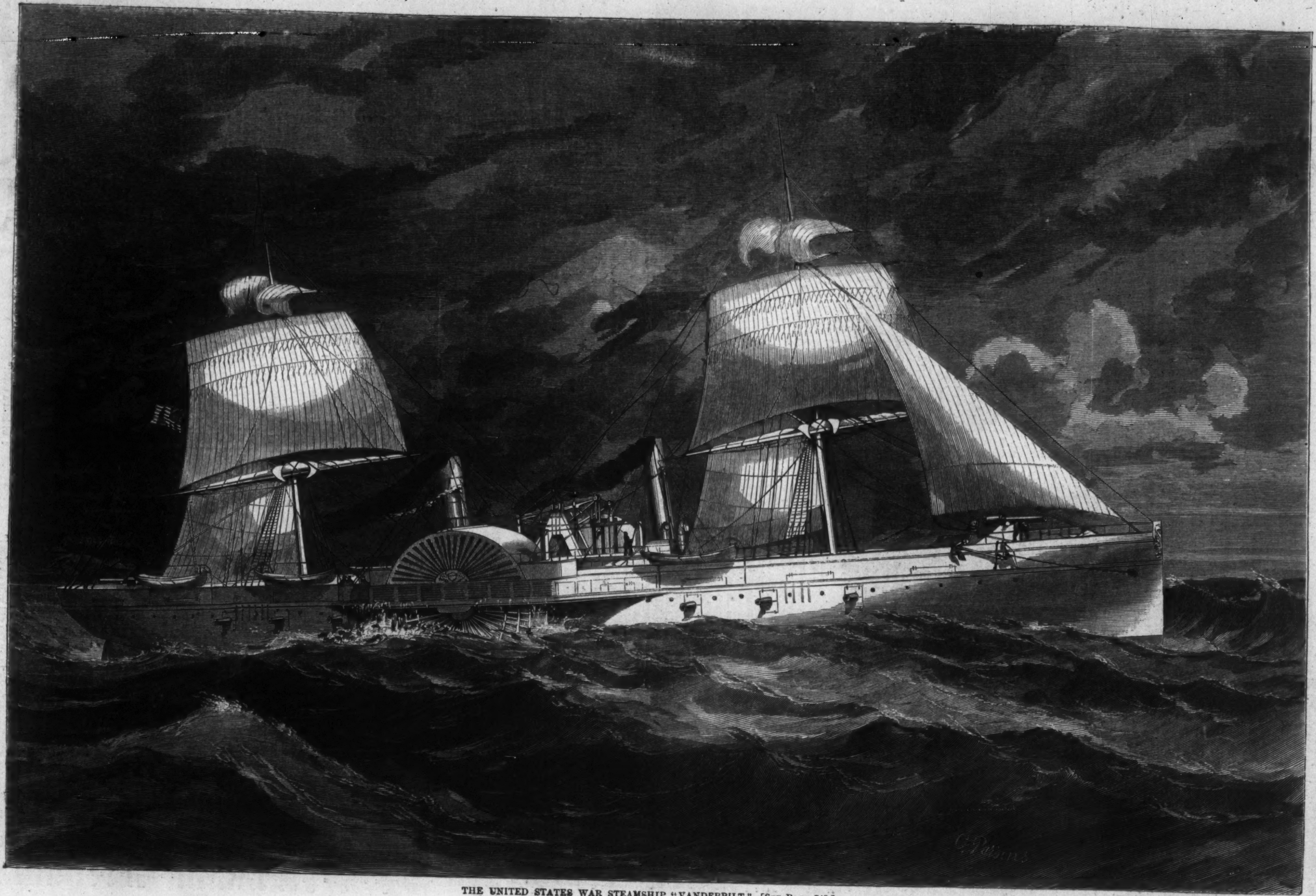
In January, 1848, he was made a Captain in the Quarter-master's Department, and in April following sailed for California, *via* Cape Horn, with the first recruits that were sent to that coast.

After a long period of service on the Pacific he returned to the Atlantic States. Before the attack on Fort Sumter he sailed with the command of Colonel Brown, as his Chief Quarter-master, to reinforce Fort Pickens, where he served until July, 1861, when he was withdrawn, and ordered to duty as Chief Quarter-master on the south side of the Potomac, at Arlington, where his duties were laborious and responsible, and where he served with signal success; in consideration of which he was appointed an Aid-de-camp, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to General M'Clellan.

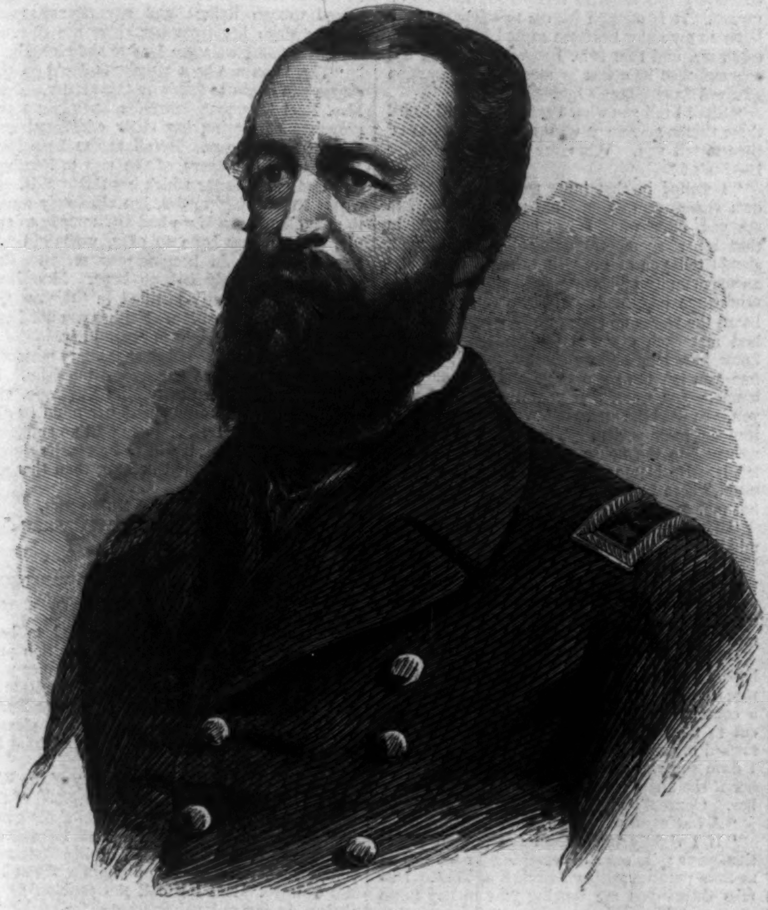
When it was decided by General M'Clellan to move against Richmond by the Peninsula, Colonel Ingalls was appointed to take the direct charge of the transportation and supplies of his army.

It is well known to all who have been with the army what his labors have been; with what judgment and promptness every want has been anticipated, in the changing of dépôts from Fortress Monroe, [illegible] Cheeseman's Creek, Yorktown, and the White House, on the Pamunky, around to Harrison's Landing, on the James River, with numerous fleets of vessels and trains of wagons.

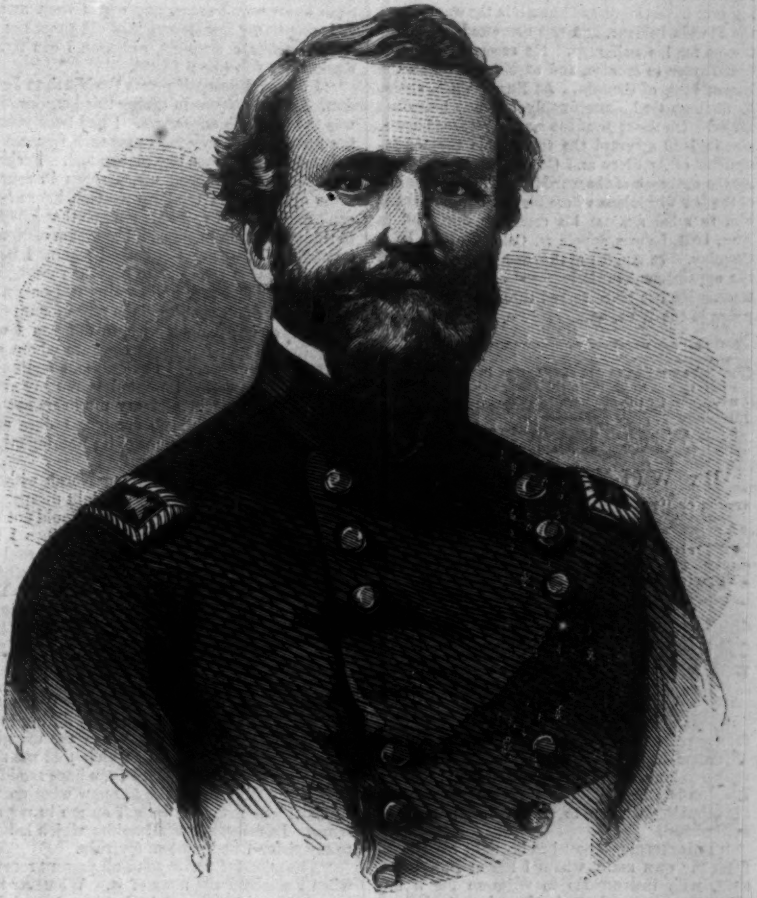
On the 12th of January, 1862, he was made a Major in the Quarter-master's Department, by act of Congress, for fourteen years' faithful service in that department, and on the retirement of General Van Vliet, Colonel Ingalls was announced as Chief Quarter-master of the Army of the Potomac.



THE UNITED STATES WAR STEAMSHIP "VANDERBILT."—[SEE PAGE 747.]



ACTING REAR-ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER.—[From a Photograph by Anthony.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL THOMAS, OF THE ARMY OF THE OHIO.—[Photographed by Brady.]

ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER.

Acting Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, the Commander of the Mississippi Flotilla, is the son of the famous Commodore David Porter of the *Essex*, and was born about the year 1814. In 1829 he entered the navy as midshipman on board the *Constellation*, and served six years on that ship and the *United States*. In 1835 he passed his examination, and served six years as passed midshipman on the Coast Survey. In 1841 he was commissioned a lieutenant, and served with that rank on board the *Congress* for four years. After a brief period of service at the Observatory at Washington, he was placed on active duty under Commodore Tattnall in the Gulf of Mexico, and took a leading part in the naval operations of the Mexican war. In 1849 he was allowed to take command of one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers, and remained several years in the service of that Company. While he commanded one of the California steamships—the *Crescent City*—he performed an exploit which attracted no little attention at the time. In consequence of the *Black Warrior* affair the Spanish Government had refused to permit any United States vessel to enter the port of Havana. Running under the shotted guns of Moro Castle, he was ordered to halt. He promptly replied that he carried the United States flag and the United States mails, and, by the Eternal, he would go in; and he did, the Habaneros fearing to fire upon him. He said afterward that he intended firing his six-pounder at them once, in defiance, after which he would haul down his flag.

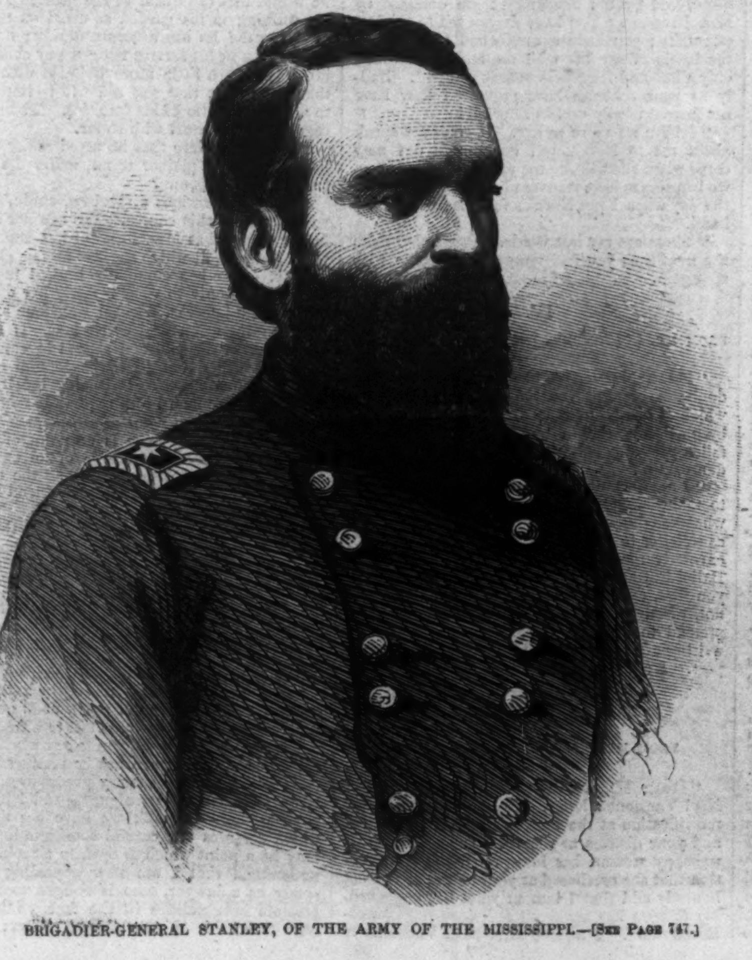
At the beginning of the year 1861 he was under orders to join the Coast Survey on the Pacific, but, fortunately, had not left when the rebellion broke out. His name at this time stood number six on the list of lieutenants. The resignation of several naval traitors left room for his advancement, and the "Naval Register" for August 31, 1861, places him number seventy-seven on the list of commanders. He was placed in command of the steam sloop of war *Powhatan*, a vessel of about twenty-five hundred tons, and armed with eleven guns. After doing blockading duty for some time, he left that ship to take special charge of the mortar expedition. The active part he took in the reduction of the forts below New Orleans will make his name ever memorable in connection with the mortar fleet, or "bummers," as the sailors term them. After the capture of New Orleans he, with his fleet, went up the Mississippi River, and was engaged in several affairs on that river, including that of Vicksburg. From that place he was ordered to the James River, and returned in the *Octorara*. When off Charleston, on his way to Fortress Monroe, he fell in with and captured the Anglo-rebel steamer *Tubal Cain*. He has now been appointed to the supreme control of all the naval forces on the Mississippi River, with the rank of Acting Rear-Admiral. The forces under his orders, in vessels, guns, and men, will be larger than ever before under the command of any United States naval officer. His squadron will be distinct in every way from that of Admiral Farragut, who will still command the Western Gulf Blockading Squadron.

Admiral Porter is a man of wiry, muscular frame, handsome features, of medium height, and, a few years ago, universally admitted to be the strongest man in the navy. He is about forty-five years old, and exhibits but few marks of age. He is married to a sister of Captain C. P. Patterson, formerly of San Francisco, by whom he has several children. He is most truly "a worthy son of a worthy sire." He belongs to a family of naval patriots; for, besides the subject of this sketch, there are in the navy H. B. Porter, acting midshipman, appointed from New York, November 29, 1859; T. K. Porter, master, appointed from Tennessee, May 20, 1852; William C. B. S. Porter, lieutenant, appointed from the District of Columbia, March 25, 1849; and Wm. D. Porter, commodore, appointed from Massachusetts, January 1, 1823. The last-named commanded the *Essex* gun-boat on the Tennessee River, and fought the rebel ram *Arkansas* on the Mississippi River. Major-General Fitz John Porter is a cousin of the subject of our sketch, adding another hero to the family.

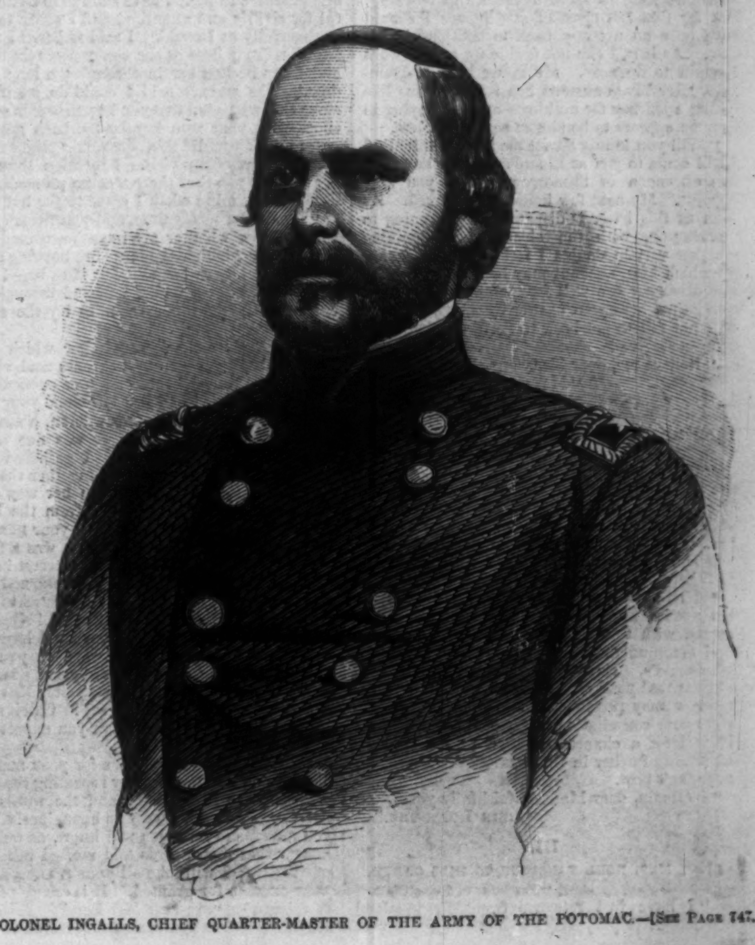
GENERAL THOMAS.

We present above the portrait of Gen. George H. Thomas, of Buell's army, who must not be confounded with General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General of the Army.

General George H. Thomas was born in Virginia about the year 1819. He was appointed from that State to West Point in 1836, and graduated in the



BRIGADIER-GENERAL STANLEY, OF THE ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 747.]



COLONEL INGALLS, CHIEF QUARTER-MASTER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—[See Page 747.]

Third Artillery on 1st July, 1840. In the following year he distinguished himself in the war against the Florida Indians, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for his gallantry. He accompanied General Taylor to Mexico, and at Monterey won the brevet rank of Captain. At Buena Vista, again, he distinguished himself nobly, and was brevetted Major. On the close of the war he returned home, and in 1850 assumed the responsible post of Instructor of Artillery and Cavalry at West Point. At the outbreak of the war Major Thomas was one of the few Virginians whose honor would not suffer him to rebel against his country's flag, and in May, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Fifth Cavalry. In August of the same year he received the appointment of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He has since served throughout the campaign in the West.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

BETWEEN THE SCENES.

I.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MR. LOSCOMBE.

"PARK TERRACE, ST. JOHN'S WOOD,
November 5.

"DEAR SIR,—I came to London yesterday for the purpose of seeing a relative, leaving Mr. Vanstone at Baliol Cottage, and proposing to return to him in the course of a week. I reached London late last night, and drove to these lodgings, having written to secure accommodation beforehand.

"This morning's post has brought me a letter from my own maid, whom I left at Baliol Cottage, with instructions to write to me if any thing extraordinary took place in my absence. You will find the girl's letter inclosed in this. I have had some experience of her, and I believe she is to be strictly depended on to tell the truth.

"I purposely abstain from troubling you by any useless allusions to myself. When you have read my maid's letter, you will understand the shock which the news contained in it has caused me. I can only repeat that I place implicit belief in her statement. I am firmly persuaded that my husband's former housekeeper has found him out, has practiced on his weakness in my absence, and has prevailed on him to make another Will. From what I know of this woman I feel no doubt that she has used her influence over Mr. Vanstone to deprive me, if possible, of all future interest in my husband's fortune.

"Under such circumstances as these, it is in the last degree important—for more reasons than I need mention here—that I should see Mr. Vanstone, and come to an explanation with him at the earliest possible opportunity. You will find that my maid thoughtfully kept her letter open until the last moment before post-time—without, however, having any later news to give me than that Mrs. Lecount was to sleep at the cottage last night, and that she and Mr. Vanstone were to leave together this morning. But for that last piece of intelligence I should have been on my way back to Scotland before now. As it is, I can not decide for myself what I ought to do next. My going back to Dumfries, after Mr. Vanstone has left it, seems like taking a journey for nothing—and my staying in London appears to be almost equally useless.

"Will you kindly advise me in this difficulty? I will come to you at Lincoln's Inn at any time this afternoon or to-morrow, which you may appoint. My next few hours are engaged. As soon as this letter is dispatched I am going to Kensington, with the object of ascertaining whether certain doubts I feel about the means by which Mrs. Lecount may have accomplished her discovery are well founded or not. If you will let me have your answer by return of post I will not fail to get back to St. John's Wood in time to receive it.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours sincerely,
"MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

II.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"LINCOLN'S INN, *Nov.* 5.

"DEAR MADAM,—Your letter and its inclosure have caused me great concern and surprise. Pressure of business allows me no hope of being able to see you either to-day or to-morrow morning. But if three o'clock to-morrow afternoon will suit you, at that hour you will find me at your service.

"I can not pretend to offer a positive opinion until I know more of the particulars connected with this extraordinary business than I find communicated either in your letter or in your maid's. But with this reserve I venture to suggest that your remaining in London until to-morrow may possibly lead to other results besides your consultation at my chambers. There is at least a chance that you or I may hear something further in this strange matter by the morning's post.

"I remain, dear Madam, faithfully yours,
"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

III.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MISS GARTH.

"*November 5, Two o'Clock.*

"I have just returned from Westmorland House—after purposely leaving it in secret, and purposely avoiding you under your own roof. You shall know why I came, and why I went away. It is due to my remembrance of old times not to treat you like a stranger, although I can never again treat you like a friend.

"I traveled yesterday from the North to London. My only object in taking this long journey was to see Norah once more. I had been suffering for many weary weeks past such remorse as only miserable women like me can feel. Perhaps the suffering weakened me, perhaps it roused some old forgotten tenderness—God knows!—I can't explain it; I can only tell you that I began to think of Norah by day, and to dream of Norah by night, till I was almost heart-broken. I have no better reason than this to give for running all the risks which I ran, and coming to London to see her. I don't wish to claim more for myself than I deserve; I don't wish to tell you I was the reformed and repenting creature whom *you* might have approved. I had only one feeling in me that I know of. I wanted to put my arms round Norah's neck, and cry my heart out on Norah's bosom. Childish enough, I dare say. Something might have come of it; nothing might have come of it—who knows?

"I had no means of finding Norah without your assistance. However you might disapprove of what I had done, I thought you would not refuse to help me to find my sister. When I lay down last night in my strange bed I said to myself, 'I will ask Miss Garth, for my father's sake and my mother's sake, to tell me.' You don't know what a comfort I felt in that thought. How should you? What do good women like you know of miserable sinners like me? All you know is that you pray for us at church.

"Well, I fell asleep happily that night—for the first time since my marriage. When the morning came I paid the penalty of daring to be happy, only for one night. When the morning came a letter came with it which told me that my bitterest enemy on earth (you have meddled sufficiently with my affairs to know what enemy I mean) had revenged herself on me in my absence. In following the impulse which led me to my sister I had gone to my ruin.

"The mischief was beyond all present remedy when I received the news of it. Whatever had happened, whatever might happen, I made up my mind to persist in my resolution of seeing Norah before I did any thing else. I suspected *you* of being concerned in the disaster which had overtaken me—because I felt positively certain at Aldborough that you and Mrs. Lecount had written to each other. But I never suspected Norah. If I lay on my death-bed at this moment I could say with a safe conscience I never suspected Norah.

"So I went this morning to Westmorland House to ask you for my sister's address, and to acknowledge plainly that I suspected you of being again in correspondence with Mrs. Lecount.

"When I inquired for you at the door they told me you had gone out, but that you were expected back before long. They asked me if I would see your sister, who was then in the school-room. I desired that your sister should on no account be disturbed: my business was not with her but with you. I begged to be allowed to wait in a room by myself until you returned.

"They showed me into the double room on the ground-floor, divided by curtains—as it was when I last remember it. There was a fire in the outer division of the room but none in the inner; and for that reason, I suppose, the curtains were drawn. The servant was very civil and attentive to me. I have learned to be thankful for civility and attention, and I spoke to her as cheerfully as I could. I said to her, 'I shall see Miss Garth here as she comes up to the door, and I can beckon her in through the long window.' The servant said I could do so, if you came that way—but that you let yourself in sometimes with your own key by the back garden-gate; and if you did this, she would take care to let you know of my visit. I mention these trifles to show you that there was no premeditated deceit in my mind when I came to the house.

"I waited a weary time, and you never came. I don't know whether my impatience made me think so, or whether the large fire burning made the room really as hot as I felt it to be—I only know that, after a while, I passed through the curtains into the inner room to try the cooler atmosphere.

"I walked to the long window which leads into the back-garden, to look out; and almost at the same time I heard the door opened—the door of the room I had just left—and your voice and the voice of some other woman, a stranger to me, talking. The stranger was one of the parlor-boarders, I dare say. I gathered from the first words you exchanged together that you had met in the passage—she on her way down stairs, and you on your way in from the back-garden. Her next question and your next answer informed me that this person was a friend of my sister's, who felt a strong interest in her, and who knew that you had just returned from a visit to Norah. So far I only hesitated to show myself because I shrank, in my painful situation, from facing a stranger. But when I heard my own name immediately afterward on your lips and on hers, then I purposely came nearer to the curtain between us and purposely listened.

"A mean action, you will say? Call it mean, if you like. What better can you expect from such a woman as I am?

"You were always famous for your memory. There is no necessity for my repeating the words you spoke to your friend, and the words your friend spoke to you hardly an hour since. When you read these lines you will know, as well as I know, what those words told me. I ask for no particulars; I will take all your reasons and all your excuses for granted. It is enough for me to know that you and Mr. Pendril have been searching for me again, and that Norah is in the conspiracy this time, to reclaim me in spite of myself. It is enough for me to know that my letter to my sister has been turned into a trap to catch me, and that Mrs. Lecount's revenge has accomplished its object by means of information received from Norah's lips.

"Shall I tell you what I suffered when I heard these things? No: it would be only a waste of time to tell you. Whatever I suffer, I deserve it—don't I?

"I waited in that inner room—knowing my own violent temper, and not trusting myself to see you, after what I had heard—I waited in that inner room, trembling lest the servant should tell you of my visit before I could find an opportunity of leaving the house. No such misfortune happened. The servant, no doubt, heard the voices up stairs, and supposed that we had met each other in the passage. I don't know how long or how short a time it was before you left the room to go and take off your bonnet—you went, and your friend went with you. I raised the long window softly and stepped into the back-garden. The way by which you returned to the house was the way by which I left it. No blame attaches to the servant. As usual, where I am concerned, nobody is to blame but me.

"Time enough has passed now to quiet my mind a little. You know how strong I am? You remember how I used to fight against all my illnesses when I was a child? Now I am a woman, I fight against my miseries in the same way. Don't pity me, Miss Garth! Don't pity me!

"I have no harsh feeling against Norah. The hope I had of seeing her is a hope taken from me; the consolation I had in writing to her is a consolation denied me for the future. I am cut to the heart—but I have no angry feeling toward my sister. She means well, poor soul—I dare say she means well. It would distress her if she knew what has happened. Don't tell her. Conceal my visit and burn my letter.

"A last word to yourself, and I have done.

"If I rightly understand my present situation, your spies are still searching for me to just as little purpose as they searched at York. Dismiss them—you are wasting your money to no purpose. If you discovered me to-morrow, what could you do? My position has altered. I am no longer the poor outcast girl, the vagabond public performer, whom you once hunted after. I have done what I told you I would do—I have made the general sense of propriety my accomplice this time. Do you know who I am? I am a respectable married woman, accountable for my actions to nobody under heaven but my husband. I have got a place in the world, and a name in the world, at last. Even the law, which is the friend of all you respectable people, has recognized my existence, and has become *my* friend too! The Archbishop of Canterbury gave me his license to be married, and the rector of Aldborough performed the service. If I found your spies following me in the street, and if I chose to claim protection from them, the law would acknowledge my claim. You forget what wonders my wickedness has done for me. It has made Nobody's Child Somebody's Wife.

"If you will give these considerations their due weight; if you will exert your excellent common-sense, I have no fear of being obliged to appeal to my newly-found friend and protector—the law. You will feel by this time that you have meddled with me at last to some purpose. I am estranged from Norah—I am discovered by my husband—I am defeated by Mrs. Lecount. You have driven me to the last extremity; you have strengthened me to fight the battle of my life with the resolution which only a lost and friendless woman can feel. Badly as your schemes have prospered they have not proved totally useless after all!

"I have no more to say. If you ever speak about me to Norah, tell her that a day may come when she will see me again—the day when we two sisters have recovered our natural rights; the day when I put Norah's fortune into Norah's hand.

"Those are my last words. Remember them the next time you feel tempted to meddle with me again. MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

IV.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"LINCOLN'S INN, *Nov.* 6.

"DEAR MADAM,—This morning's post has doubtless brought you the same shocking news which it has brought to me. You must know, by this time, that a terrible affliction has befallen you—the affliction of your husband's sudden death.

"I am on the point of starting for the North, to make all needful inquiries, and to perform whatever duties I may with propriety undertake, as solicitor to the deceased gentleman. Let me earnestly recommend you not to follow me to Baliol Cottage until I have had time to write to you first, and to give you such advice as I can not, through ignorance of all the circumstances, pretend to offer now. You may rely on my writing after my arrival in Scotland by the first post. I remain, dear Madam, faithfully yours,
"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

V.

FROM MR. PENDRIL TO MISS GARTH.

"SEARLE STREET, *Nov.* 6.

"DEAR MISS GARTH,—I return you Mrs. Noel Vanstone's letter. I can understand your mortification at the tone in which it is written, and your distress at the manner in which this unhappy woman has interpreted the conversation that she overheard at your house. I can not honestly add that I lament what has happened. My opinion has never altered since the Combe-Raven time. I believe Mrs. Noel Vanstone to be one of the most reckless, desperate, and perverted women living; and any circumstances that estrange her from her sister are circumstances which I welcome for her sister's sake.

"There can not be a moment's doubt on the course you ought to follow in this matter. Even Mrs. Noel Vanstone herself acknowledges the propriety of sparing her sister additional and unnecessary distress. By all means keep Miss Vanstone in ignorance of the visit to Kensington, and of the letter which has followed it. It would be not only unwise, but absolutely cruel, to enlighten her. If we had any remedy to apply, or even any hope to offer, we might feel some hesitation in keeping our secret. But there is no remedy and no hope. Mrs. Noel Vanstone is perfectly justified in the view she takes of her own position. Neither you nor I can assert the smallest right to control her.

"I have already taken the necessary measures for putting an end to our useless inquiries. In a few days I will write to Miss Vanstone, and will do my best to tranquilize her mind on the subject of her sister. If I can find no sufficient excuse to satisfy her, it will be better she should think we have discovered nothing than that she should know the truth.

"Believe me, most truly yours,
"WILLIAM PENDRIL."

VI.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"LINCOLN'S INN, *Nov.* 15.

[PRIVATE.]

"DEAR MADAM,—I am concerned to hear that the continuance of your indisposition prevents you from seeing me. In compliance with your request, I now proceed to communicate to you, in writing, what I should have preferred communicating by word of mouth. Be pleased to consider this letter as strictly confidential between yourself and me.

"I inclose, at your desire, a copy of the Will executed by your late husband on the 3d of this month. There can be no question of the genuineness of the original document. I protested, as a matter of form, against Admiral Bartram's solicitor assuming a position of authority at Baliol Cottage. But he took the position nevertheless, acting as legal representative of the sole Executor under the second Will. I am bound to say I should have done the same myself in his place.

"The serious question follows—What can we do for the best in your interests? The Will executed under my professional superintendence, on the 30th of September last, is at present superseded and revoked by the second and later Will, executed on the 3d of November. Can we dispute this document?

"I doubt the possibility of disputing the new Will on the face of it. It is no doubt irregularly expressed, but it is dated, signed, and witnessed as the law directs; and the perfectly simple and straightforward provisions that it contains are in no respect, that I can see, technically open to attack.

"This being the case, can we dispute the Will on the ground that it has been executed when the Testator was not in a fit state to dispose of his own property, or when the Testator was subjected to undue and improper influence?

"In the first of these cases the medical evidence would put an obstacle in our way. We can not assert that previous illness had weakened the Testator's mind. It is clear that he died suddenly, as the doctors had all along declared he would die, of disease of the heart. He was out walking in his garden as usual on the day of his death; he ate a hearty dinner; none of the persons in his service noticed any change in him; he was a little more irritable with them than usual, but that was all. It is impossible to attack the state of his faculties. There is no case to go into court with so far.

"Can we declare that he acted under undue influence, or, in plainer terms, under the influence of Mrs. Lecount?

"There are serious difficulties, again, in the way of taking this course. We can not assert, for example, that Mrs. Lecount has assumed a place in the Will which she has no fair claim to occupy. She has cunningly limited her own interest, not only to what is fairly her due, but to what the late Mr. Michael Vanstone himself had the intention of leaving her. If I were examined on the subject I should be compelled to acknowledge that I had heard him express this intention myself. It is only the truth to say that I have heard him express it more than once. There is no point of attack in Mrs. Lecount's legacy, and there is no point of attack in your late husband's choice of an executor. He has made the wise choice, and the natural choice, of the oldest and trustiest friend he had in the world.

"One more consideration remains, the most important which I have yet approached, and therefore the consideration which I have reserved to the last. On the thirtieth of September the Testator executes a will, leaving his widow sole executrix, with a legacy of eighty thousand pounds. On the third of November following he expressly revokes this will and leaves another in its stead, in which his widow is never once mentioned, and in which the whole residue of his estate, after payment of one comparatively trifling legacy, is left to a friend.

"It rests entirely with you to say whether any valid reason can or can not be produced to explain such an extraordinary proceeding as this. If no reason can be assigned—and I know of none myself—I think we have a point here which deserves our careful consideration, for it may be a point which is open to attack. Pray understand that I am now appealing to you solely as a lawyer, who is obliged to look all possible eventualities in the face. I have no wish to intrude on your private affairs; I have no wish to write a word which could be construed into any indirect reflection on yourself.

"If you tell me that, so far as you know, your husband capriciously struck you out of his will without assignable reason or motive for doing so, and without other obvious explanation of his conduct, than that he acted in this matter entirely under the influence of Mrs. Lecount, I will immediately take Counsel's opinion touching the propriety of disputing the Will on this ground. If, on the other hand, you tell me that there are reasons (known to yourself though unknown to me) for not taking the course I propose, I will accept that intimation without troubling you, unless you wish it, to explain yourself further. In this latter event I will write to you again, for I shall then have something more to say which may greatly surprise you on the subject of the Will. Faithfully yours,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

VII.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MR. LOSCOMBE.

"*Nov.* 16.

"DEAR SIR,—Accept my best thanks for the kindness and consideration with which you have treated me—and let illness of body and mind plead my excuse, if I reply to your letter without ceremony, in the fewest possible words.

"I have my own reasons for not hesitating to answer your question in the negative. It is impossible for us to go to law, as you propose, on the subject of the Will.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours gratefully,

"MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

VIII.

FROM MR. LOSCOMBE TO MRS. NOEL VANSTONE.

"LINCOLN'S INN, *November* 17.

"DEAR MADAM,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter answering my proposal in the negative for reasons of your own. Under these circumstances—on which I offer no comment—I beg to perform my promise of again communicating with you on the subject of your late husband's Will.

"Be so kind as to look at your copy of the document. You will find that the clause which devises the whole residue of your husband's estate to Admiral Bartram ends in these terms: *To be by him applied to such uses as he may think fit.*

"Simple as they may seem to you these are very remarkable words. In the first place, no practical lawyer would have used them in drawing your husband's will. In the second place, they are utterly useless to serve any plain straightforward purpose. The legacy is left unconditionally to the admiral; and in the same breath he is told that he may do what he likes with it! The phrase points clearly to one of two conclusions. It has either dropped from the writer's pen in pure ignorance—or it has been carefully set where it appears to serve the purpose of a snare. I am firmly persuaded that the latter explanation is the right one. The words are expressly intended to mislead some person—yourself in all probability—and the cunning which has put them to that use is a cunning which (as constantly happens when uninstructed persons meddle with law) has overreached itself. My thirty years' experience reads those words in a sense exactly opposite to the sense which they are intended to convey. I say that Admiral Bartram is *not* free to apply his legacy to such purposes as he may think fit—I believe he is privately controlled by a supplementary document in the shape of a Secret Trust.

"I can easily explain to you what I mean by a Secret Trust. It is usually contained in the form of a letter from a Testator to his Executors, privately informing them of testamentary intentions on his part, which he has not thought proper openly to acknowledge in his will. I leave you a hundred pounds; and I write a private letter enjoining you, on taking the legacy, not to devote it to your own purposes, but to give it to some third person, whose name I have my own reasons for not mentioning in my will. That is a Secret Trust.

"If I am right in my own persuasion that such a document as I here describe is at this moment in Admiral Bartram's possession—a persuasion based, in the first instance, on the extraordinary words that I have quoted to you; and, in the second instance, on purely legal considerations with which it is needless to encumber my letter—if I am right in this opinion, the discovery of the Secret Trust would be, in all probability, a most important discovery to your interests. I will not trouble you with technical reasons, or with references to my experience in these matters, which only a professional man could understand. I will merely say that I don't give up your cause as utterly lost until the conviction now impressed on my own mind is proved to be wrong.

"I can add no more while this important question still remains involved in doubt; neither can I suggest any means of solving that doubt. If the existence of the Trust was proved, and if the nature of the stipulations contained in it was made known to me, I could then say positively what the legal chances were of your being able to set up a Case on the strength of it; and I could also tell you whether I should or should not feel justified in personally undertaking that Case, under a private arrangement with yourself.

"As things are, I can make no arrangement and offer no advice. I can only put you confidentially in possession of my private opinion, leaving you entirely free to draw your own inferences from it, and regretting that I can not write more confidently and more definitely than I have written here. All that I could conscientiously say on this very difficult and very delicate subject I have said.

"Believe me, dear Madam, faithfully yours,

"JOHN LOSCOMBE."

IX.

FROM MRS. NOEL VANSTONE TO MR. LOSCOMBE.

"DEAR SIR,—I have read your letter more than once, with the deepest interest and attention—and the oftener I read it the more firmly I believe that there is really such a Letter as you mention in Admiral Bartram's hands.

"It is my interest that the discovery should be made—and I at once acknowledge to you that I am determined to find the means of secretly and certainly making it. My resolution rests on other motives than the motives which you might naturally suppose would influence me. I only tell you this in case you feel inclined to remonstrate. There is good reason for what I say when I assure you that remonstrance will be useless.

"I ask for no assistance in this matter; I will trouble nobody for advice. You shall not be involved in any rash proceedings on my part. Whatever danger there may be I will risk it. Whatever delays may happen I will bear them patiently. I am lonely and friendless and ill; but I am strong enough to win my way through worse troubles than these. My spirits will rise again, and my time will come. If that Secret Trust is in Admiral Bartram's possession, when you next see me you shall see me with it in my own hands. Yours gratefully,

"MAGDALEN VANSTONE."

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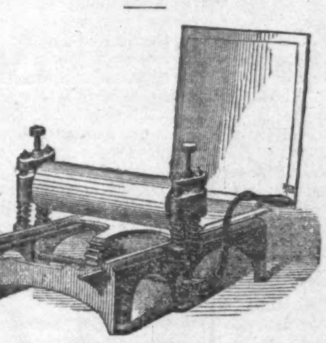

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From the Soldier.

Head-quarters 90th Regt. N. Y. V., U. S. Barracks,
Key West, Fla., October 21st, 1862.

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GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to express my entire satisfaction and thanks for the admirable manner in which the "Adams Printing Press" that I purchased of you in January last has done the work of the entire Brigade, Orders, Countersigns, Invoices, Receipts, &c., as well as the printing of the entire city, public and private. In addition to which I started a weekly newspaper, the "New Era," which in the course of ten months has obtained a circulation of eight hundred copies. I have been compelled to enlarge my sheet and obtain a Washington Press, but still your little press and material are in constant use. It paid for itself in two weeks, and has never cost one dollar for repairs; so simple that a boy does the press-work. I would earnestly recommend every quartermaster in the service to procure one immediately; and, once in his possession, he would as soon part with his *Quarterly Return* as its invaluable aid: in fact, it should form part of his equipage.

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Your most ob't servant, RICHARD B. LOCKE.
Quartermaster 90th N. Y. V., Editor of the "New Era."

From the Druggist.

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